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# EXCURSION TO HOLLYWOOD

## Film-making and its foibles— five crowded weeks

Cornelia Otis Skinner, actress and author, and Emily Kimbrough, freelance writer, went to Hollywood to work on the script of a book they had written jointly.

Subject of the book, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," was trip they had made together to Paris in the nineteen-twenties. Now Emily Kimbrough has written a book about the five weeks' visit to Hollywood, called "We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood."

EMILY KIMBROUGH had grown a good deal older since the excursion to Paris. She is a former editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and the mother of twins.

But she had fun from the moment the pair of them stepped off the train, preened themselves for a waiting bunch of photographers, only to find that the cameras were waiting for Joe Louis.

On their first day in the handsome offices assigned to them by the studio, Cornelia looked out the window.

"Bob Hope," she said, "is riding this way on a bicycle."

"I (Emily) suggested with some bitterness that perhaps she'd like to stop work and go down to meet him; but she said, no, she would only like to throw him a rose."

Sheridan Gibney, producer of the film, took Cornelia and Emily to lunch that day to the Paramount commissary.

"Inside it was crowded," writes Miss Kimbrough, "and Sheridan said we would have to wait a few minutes for a table."

"But at that moment I spotted one. It was against the wall near the door. . . I hurried ahead and squeezed myself into the place against the wall."

"At that instant the noise in the room died away as if a candle-snuffer had been clamped over it. Cornelia caught my eye. . . her hand to her face in shame, blushing her head. Out of the hush a waitress tiptoed up to me."

"Miss," she said in a whisper that blew all over the room, "that's Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's seat, and there



DIANA LYNN and Gail Russell in the film version of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." Diana plays Emily Kimbrough, and Gail Russell plays Cornelia Otis Skinner.

hasn't been anyone but him sat in it for fifteen years."

"All the girls sitting near us were in slacks," Miss Kimbrough noted when she recovered. "Stenographers and clerks, Sheridan said. You could, he said, tell from the difference in make-up. . . they were not actresses. I couldn't."

"I learned later that a kind of lacquer made possible their four and five-inch pompadours. They carry the lacquer round in a bottle, and, like using a compact, pour a little of this jelly into the palm of the hand and rub it up their hair."



"EXCUSE ME, lady, did you happen to see Joe Louis?"



CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, well-known American actress and writer.



EMILY KIMBROUGH, author of "We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood."



MISS KIMBROUGH on the set of "So Proudly We Hail."

"Frequently the back of the coiffure behind the pompadour is braided into two stiff pigtails, not down the back, but out over each shoulder."

"The ends were tied with bright ribbons and long streamers, and the ribbons were worn. . . and out of the braids, like the manes of percherons at county fairs."

"The hair dyes, too, were as imaginative as the hair-dos. One girl from the costume department had achieved a shade only a little off shocking-pink, and I can see it now in front of me like the blobs of light that stay in the air after a flashlight picture has been taken."

"In our travelling suits, hats, and gloves, Cornelia and I were period pieces."

Because Miss Skinner and Miss Kimbrough had written their book together, and had signed a contract jointly, they discovered to their horror that their pay cheque was made out jointly.

"We were, as far as Paramount was concerned, the Siamese twins."

"They explained that we did not each sign a separate contract. We both signed one contract. Therefore we would receive one cheque."

"And then," Cornelia asked, "what do we do with it? Carry it between us like a banner?"

Miss Kimbrough discovered with interest that no celebrities have their names in the Hollywood phone book.

"There is a Hollywood telephone directory printed and published, but perhaps the names and numbers in it are just made up by the city officials to spare them the embarrassment of not having a publication like other towns."

"During the entire time I was there I met only two people whose name, address, and number were listed. . ."

"As far as I know they were the only authentic ones in the whole directory."

Among those not listed was Hedda Hopper, the columnist, with whom they had lunch soon after they arrived.

It was a wet day:

"We dressed ourselves up as stylishly as possible. . . Hedda had on a white raincoat and a small, close-fitting black hat, both so chic that in our ooing finery we looked as if we had not only made our own clothes, but the patterns, too. . ."

Like so many visitors before her to Hollywood, Miss Kimbrough was astonished at the time and money spent which could be saved.

There was, for instance, a scene in "Lady in the Dark" which was introduced by two heralds. The scene involved some 75 extras, besides the principals, and all were waiting in costume and make-up.

Cameras, lights were all ready. The heralds had to march in time to music toward the doorway, turn, and march back again.

Emily and Cornelia were watching the scene one morning. One herald couldn't keep time. Emily and Cornelia left, were informed late in the afternoon that the heralds had just stopped rehearsing. One simply couldn't keep time, and a substitute had to be found.

"It would seem to my untutored mind," writes Miss Kimbrough, "that when the man was selected to play the part of the herald he might have been asked to walk across the stage in time to music."

"This lavish use of time pays some of the actors."

For instance, recently the number of war movies made caused a demand for foreign accents. But the directors were not always sure how much accent they wanted. That meant lots of retakes, all of which paid the owners of the accents.

Miss Kimbrough herself cost the studio a bit extra one day. They had gone to see the set of "So Proudly We Hail," where, on a lake about 200 feet square, with a miniature native village on the shore, and a background silhouette of the mountains of Bataan, the escape from Bataan was being filmed.

On the lake were miniature boats filled with toy figures of soldiers and nurses. A wind machine blew the surface of the lake into waves.

For close-ups an authentic boat was used on the same lake.

Emily started across the catwalk, delayed to watch a detail of the scene, and the wind machine began to revolve and the toy boats to move off.

"Whistles blew and bells rang. People shouted. The noise was deafening. . . Men waved at me. . . I waved back at them happily. . ."

"I do not know how soon it came over me that it was all at me—and not because I had come to Holly-

wood and they were glad, but because I was standing in the middle of the picture and they were wild. . ."

"The next night when the rushes were shown, above the distant mountain tops of Bataan, I was told, rose the upper half of Miss Kimbrough, brooding and engrossed on the evacuation."

"And since the scene had been blown up to life-size, Miss Kimbrough was blown up to proportion beyond reason, and a sinister sight."

"Quite a number of feet had been shot before I was noticed against the sky, so the cost was considerable."

## How to S-T-R-E-T-C-H your butter ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke

No. 21



### A Hand-out for Cut Lunches

Is there a war worker in the house? Or a young hopeful or two going off every morning with lunches in their school-bags? Then you'll know how quickly cut-lunches run away with the best part of your precious butter ration. But hold hard! Here's a butter-saver coming up in the form of a good-for-them, good-to-eat cheese and Bonox Spread. You can start making more even before you take the family's vote.

### Cheese and Bonox Spread

4 oz. grated Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste; 2 teaspoons Bonox.

Stir grated cheese and milk briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick. Then stir in the Bonox.

Dried fruits should be stewed in the water in which they are soaked. Do not add the sugar until the fruit is nearly cooked.



Lavender. . . beloved fragrance, a sense of enchantment old as time. . . yet new as tomorrow's dawn. . . perfectly captured for your loveliness by Christy.

Lavender Perfume. . . subtle, yet distinctive. . . the supreme complement to your personality.

Lavender Talcum. . . in its war-time container for the duration, but still the same famous quality. . . and as soft as a caress.

REMEMBER. . . with CHRISTY. . . you walk  
"hand in hand with loveliness"



# Go and Catch a Falling Star



"This is delightful," said the Countess, holding out her hand to Hal.

**N**ILS PETERSEN was an exception to the Hollywood rule in at least two ways: although he was an agent, he conducted most of his business at his office, and he knew how to read. In other respects he was fairly typical.

His manner in such public spots as the Beverly Hills Brown Derby would, in the course of a dozen greetings, run a subtle gamut from lordly good fellowship to genial dismissal, but a warm handclasp and a cold eye were the two constant factors underlying every interchange.

Now, seeing the Venners come into the Derby and seat themselves at an adjacent booth, he excused himself to his luncheon companion and hurried over, charm welling from every pore.

"Hello, children," he said happily. "Mind if Uncle Nils sits down awhile?"

"Sure, sit down, Nils," said Hal. "Shove over, Lorry, and let him in," he instructed his wife.

"Why doesn't he just coil up on the floor?" grumbled Lorry, as she shifted gloves, furs, and handbag, and slid herself round the curved leather seat, twisting her skirt off centre in the process. "Well, middle man," she said coldly, "had a busy day?"

Nils obliged with a laugh. "You know me," he said. "Always in there swinging. How are you guys coming on the Hamilton script? Gonna be through with it pretty soon now, huh?"

"In a week or so," said Hal. "What's cooking, Nils?"

"Yes, what is?" said Lorry to the waitress, who was standing by, menu in hand. "We're in a hurry."

"Those dishes at the top are ready," said the waitress, indicating them with her pencil.

"Hey, now, wait a minute," said Nils. "You got to have a drink with me. . . Three champagne cocktails, dear," he commanded, "and be sure they open a fresh bottle."

"And why not bring the bottle?" added Lorry. "I guess that will teach our uninvited host," she said to Hal.

"Drinking at lunch always makes you sleepy," Hal reminded her, "and we've got to work this afternoon."

"Say," interrupted Nils, "wouldn't you people be interested in hearing some wonderful news?"

"Have you been drafted?" asked Lorry.

"Don't mind the little woman, Nils," said Hal; "she's always crotchety before her one o'clock feeding. What's up your sleeve?"

"A one-picture deal with M-K-G," said Nils, "for seventy-five thousand. And not even an original. An adaptation."

"Who's the story for?"

"Leo Rutherford."

"Go on," scoffed Hal. "He hasn't worked for years. Is M-K-G crazy? Or are they going to make 'The Drunkard' in modern dress?"

"Nope, they got some other idea," said Nils. "They think he's ripe for a comeback, and even if they're wrong, that's not your headache. You get paid just the same. And how you get paid."

"No, we don't," said Lorry. "We're going to New York."

"What for?"

"To live. We like it up there. It hasn't any outdoors and only one Christmas. And people don't stare at you if you wear a hat."

"I'll bet Hal doesn't feel like passing up any seventy-five G's," said Nils.

"Do you, Hal?"

"Huh?" said Hal. "Who's the dame at your table?"

Nils looked. "Oh, her. That's Countess Markowska that wrote the book about escaping from Poland. I'm peddling the picture rights. Say, why don't I ask her over while we have the pop?"

"Do that," said Hal cordially. "Interesting-looking woman, isn't she?" he said to Lorry.

"Yes," said Lorry. "If your idea of an interesting-looking woman is Nita Naldi in a sweater. . . Hal, you won't let Nils talk us into another contract, will you?"

"It's up to you, sweetie," said Hal absently, his eyes on the countess as she approached. She was a tall

woman with a superb figure, great style, and an air which somehow managed to convey both aloofness and coquettish challenge. It was difficult to say what her chronological age might be, but the countess was definitely in her prime, and it was a honey of a prime.

"This Queen of Spain has legs," commented Lorry, sotto voce, and was shushed by a backward flap of Hal's hand.

"Meet one of our top writing teams, Countess," said Nils. "Miss Erskine and Mr. Venner, Countess Markowska."

"This is delightful," said the countess, holding out her hand to Hal, who hesitated only a moment before he kissed it in a manner that would have done credit to a dress extra.

"Enchante," he declared.

"Ah! Vous parlez français?" said the countess.

"I'm afraid my French is not eloquent enough for the occasion," said Hal. "In fact, not even my English is."

"Char-r-ming!" said the countess in a voice which was the equivalent of chucking him under the chin with a fan. She surveyed Hal and the champagne with equal approval. "But this is a party," she decided. And then, as she seated herself, "How stupid! I have dropped my gloves. Will one of you gentlemen be so kind—"

"Don't you think it's a little early for that?" said Lorry, but not aloud.

"Here you are, madame," said Hal, emerging from under the table. When the countess thanked him with as much warmth as if he had retrieved the gloves from a bear pit, he assured her that it was no trouble at all. "I could find 'em in the dark just by the scent," he told her. "It's a swell perfume. What do you call it?"

"It is my own special mixture," said the countess.

"Come and Get It, Number Five," suggested Lorry.

"Please do not think me rude," begged the countess, "but would you say to me again your name? I did not quite—"

"She's Lorry Erskine," said Nils. "In private life she and Hal are married."

"In public life, of course," said Lorry, "we are just engaged."

"Ah, to be sure!" said the countess. "I must tell to you that I have seen all those wonderful plays you and your husband have written, and it makes me so very happy to say to you how greatly I have appreciated them."

"We'd be happier to hear it," said Lorry. "If we'd written more than one."

"Then it is certainly your duty to write another very soon," said the countess graciously.

"Now don't put any fleas in their bonnets," said Nils. "I'm having a tough enough time selling 'em on doing another picture before they go back east. What's a few weeks?"

he continued persuasively. "New York'll always be there."

"But will it?"

"Qui sait? I am afraid we poor Europeans no longer have faith in the permanence of anything. Perhaps we have even lost our faith in the future."

"The countess has had kind of a tough time," explained Nils.

"I can imagine," said Hal sympathetically.

"You don't have to," said Lorry. "Buy her book."

"Allons!" said the countess. "Let us not talk about the big unhappy world. Let us make for ourselves a little gay world, no bigger than this table, where, for an hour, we can pretend the nightmare does not exist." She raised her replenished glass. "May your escape from Hollywood be as successful as was mine from Cracow! To your next play!"

Lorry Erskine and Hal Venner had acquired a set of Hollywood's most

perishable laurels—that is, the reputation of being happily married for three years. This had surprised many, since Lorry's previous record had indicated that a happy home was about the last place you would find her. Beginning with the publication of her first work, a book of short stories entitled *Holy Avarice*, she had reiterated the belief that marriage was a stale and impractical joke, and, by inference, one which she had no intention of permitting to be played on her.

**C**ONSEQUENTLY, when this "wasp in wit's clothing"—as a sulky confrere once dubbed her—eloped with a man seven years younger, everybody regarded the event as one of Miss Erskine's more sadistic whims, and expected the marital nest to be reduced to a few stray twigs while the honeymoon was still in its first quarter.

Instead, the venture had resulted in three years of tangible bliss and a professional collaboration which was responsible for a hit play and several distinguished movies. There could be no doubt that the Venners deserved their reputation for domestic felicity, even though, every now and then, things, as things do, came up.

These things could, as a rule, be classified as blonde or brunette, and occasionally auburn. Not that Hal was any more susceptible than any other loving husband, but he was twenty-nine, handsome, and in the movie business. And not that Lorry was any more possessive than any other loving wife, but she was thirty-six, high-strung, and quite aware that an attractive male does not necessarily go through life with only one woman on his mind—especially if he is married to her.

Her worldly knowledge also included an acquaintance with the maxim that "To understand is to forgive," but she preferred to proceed on the basis that to understand is to prevent, with its corollary that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of forgiveness.

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By VIRGINIA FAULKNER



# Go and Catch a Falling Star

Continued from page 3

**D**URING the first part of their lunch with the countess Lorry did not realise that the time for action had arrived. Madame Markowska seemed to her a singularly comely specimen of a type that went out with button shoes, and it never occurred to her that Hal would not share her judgment.

When he went into his hand-kissing act, she assumed that he had taken the lady's measure and had decided to amuse himself by playing up—in short, to lay on the old-world charm with a trowel. But, as the lunch went on, it dawned on Lorry that there was a spontaneous ring to his gallantries, and that the glint in his eye might not be wholly satirical. For a museum piece, thought Lorry, the countess is doing okay.

"You are terribly kind," she was saying in response to an invitation of Hal's, "but I return to Washington the day after to-morrow."

"Well," said Hal, "if you'd really like to see the lot, why not come out to the studio this afternoon?"

"I've made a date for the countess over at Paramount," objected Nils, "and later on she's supposed to see Alf."

"Heck," said Hal, "that won't take long. I can drive her round and wait for her."

"We have a cinema to write, dear," said Lorry.

Hal looked pained. "After all, Lorry, if the countess is only going to be here two days—"

"Why, then, naturally you'll have to make hay while the sun shines," conceded Lorry. "Forgive my allusion to our California weather," she added to the countess.

"But if I will upset your work—"

"Not at all. I can do something else. A woman's work is never done, as I used to say when I was in my adage. And also 'Saturday fill, short zit,' so I'd best get going. Nils will wait me back to my celluloid tower, won't you, Nils? . . . Good-bye, countess. Be sure and let me know the next time you're in town." So I can hide Hal, she thought.

"No, no, let us say an revoir," insisted the countess. "When you come to New York we will arrange a rendezvous. I am often up from Washington; it is so close."

"If I can persuade the countess," said Hal, "why don't we have an evening of high living? I'll phone you where to meet us."

"Before I leave," said Nils, "I'd like to make a date to talk to you again about this M-K-G offer. I—"

"Come on, Nils," said Lorry, taking his arm, and as they walked to the door, "Have you got a dotted line on you, pal?"

"The contract's waiting for you at the office."

"Well, send it round."

"I thought you'd see it my way," said Nils complacently. "You'd be a fool to go east now."

"I quite agree," said Lorry. She looked back at her husband, who, with glass raised, was obviously in the midst of a pretty speech.

The Venners' custom was to work at home instead of the studio, and, despite a two-day hiatus while Hal showed Countess Markowska the high and low spots of Hollywood, they finished their assignment on schedule a week after her departure.

What is more, it was a job well done, or so their secretary, Miss B., assured them, as they sat down to lunch after dictating the final scene.

"It absolutely couldn't be more terrific," she said. "I mean it's so delightful and true to life and has such a cute twist. Honestly, it's got everything."

"For a compliment like that, Miss B.," said Hal, "you can have everything you want from us. Except a raise."

"Oh, I wouldn't take a raise. You know, taxes. It would be just like hot money; I couldn't spend it. But you know what I would like if you could get Leo Rutherford to autograph my celebrity tea-cloth. I saw in 'The Reporter' you signed up to write a picture for him."

"Are you a Rutherford fan?" asked Lorry.

"Well, I think he's interesting; he has such a terrible reputation," explained Miss B. "Of course, I wouldn't want him near the centre, but I thought maybe I'd put him in a corner with cowboy and child stars."

"He'd love that," said Lorry. "What do you think about it, Mr. Venner?"

"I'm no expert on protocol," said Hal, "and anyway, I'm not going to be here." He put down his fork. "Ladies, you are looking at one of the nation's defenders. I've joined the Navy."

"Indeed?" said Lorry. "If the battle goes against us, remember to save a bullet for me."

"No kidding," said Hal. "I've been keeping it under my hat until everything was all set. I report on Monday."

"Why, how lovely!" gasped Miss B. "Why, I never heard of anything so perfectly brave!" She buried her face in her napkin.

"Now, then, Miss B., what's biting you?" asked Lorry.

Miss B. withdrew a scarlet face from the enveloping folds. "Him in a middy blouse!" she brayed, giggling wildly. "Him in a little blue Donald Duck hat with a ribbon. I can't stand it!" Choking with laughter, she rushed blindly out of the room.

Hal risked a wary glance at his wife. "One of her bad days, I guess," he said tentatively. "Poor thing!"

"Let's have it, brother," said Lorry. "What's this about?"

"What this is all about."

"There's a war, isn't there?" said Hal.

"I can't give you any argument there."

"And I'm an American."

"It's a relief to know you're going to be on our side," said Lorry, "but is the Navy just the place for you? Even under the most favorable peacetime conditions, you were never what I would call a good sailor."

"My job's on land," said Hal, flushing, "with Naval Intelligence. And I'm getting a commission, so that proves they can use me."

"So can I," said Lorry, "and I saw you first."

"Look, Lorry," said Hal, "this is no time to think of our personal feelings."

"What should we think of?"

"Our country," said Hal.

"Was it our country's idea that you should join the Navy?" inquired Lorry. "Or was it something you doped out yourself?"

"You don't understand," protested Hal.

"Keep talking," said Lorry, "and I will."

**H**AL drew a deep breath. "Most of us here in America don't know the meaning of the word 'patriotism,'" he said. "We've had too easy a time. We don't know what it is to sublimate our individual desires and make sacrifices. But just look at Poland."

"Poland?"

"No matter how many times she has been overrun and partitioned," said Hal glibly, "the invincible spirit of the Poles has held the country together. And even though her conquerors may sneer and say Poland is just a geographical expression, she will exist as a nation so long as a single one of her sons or daughters has breath to fight and pray."

"Well," said Lorry, "I guess that'll hold me for a while, all right, all right. Boy, she certainly gave you an earful."

"Who?" stalled Hal.

"La Mazurka," he corrected.

"Incidentally," said Lorry, "you haven't told me where you're going to be stationed."

"Washington, I think," said Hal brightly. "You know, the nation's capital."

He laughed, then intercepting Lorry's glance, broke off in mid-peal. "Uh—I've got to run out to the studio," he said.

"And I'd better start packing," said Lorry.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To Washington. You know, the nation's capital."

"But you've got a job here."

"We had a job," said Lorry. "We both signed the contract."

"Yes," said Hal, "but apparently only one of us read it." He got up from the table. "Nils is the boy who thinks of everything," he said. "He insisted on a special clause just in case I should enlist or be drafted. Whether I'm here or not, you're hired to do the Rutherford picture. Some foresight, huh?"

Leo Rutherford was forty-two years old and had always been a celebrity. Ever since the first hint of his advent, this only child of two great dramatic stars had been in the papers with the regularity of the weather report. Handsome as his mother—the Adorable Nellie—of a sea of champagne toasts—Leo was also endowed with the charm which may or may not be possessed by the devil, the perversity of split quicksilver, and the morals and manners of a young baboon. It is not surprising that after four decades of explosive capering little remained of Leo's glorious inheritance but a glorious thirst.

And then Minerva came into his

life. Minerva sent him to the mountains, to the gymnasium, to the plastic surgeon. Minerva did a sobering-up job no mere woman could do, but then Minerva was not a woman; Minerva was Minerva-Kahn-Graphic whose Double Owl trademark is blazoned on fifty films annually.

In earlier days, Leo had packed 'em in for M-K-G, but his informal way of life made him too great a production risk, and for years no studio would have touched him with a pole of any length. Then, when the war caused an unprecedented shortage of male stars, M-K-G bet-thought itself of Leo; it was for this reconditioned gentleman that Lorry had been engaged to adapt a screen play entitled "Romeo Rides Again."

Acquainted only through the anecdotes concerning their respective personalities, Lorry and Leo were thoroughly prepared to be repelled by each other, and responded to their introduction with the muted delight of two stage mothers meeting in a casting office.

"I am proud to play a part, however humble, in your second coming, Mr. Rutherford."

"And I," said Leo, "cannot conceal my pleasure in hailing the lady whom I have long deemed our country's fairest thorn."

"Wow!" said Lorry. "Dame Rumor neglected to inform me that Rutherford was so quick on the draw."

"The old bag's slipping," said Leo.

"Not a word did she let fall in re your countless airs and graces and pretty, taking ways. Come right on into my life and make yourself at home."

"I don't mind if I do," said Lorry.

Whether or not Dame Rumor had been guilty of omissions in the past, she now made up for lost time, and in less than a week America was informed that another great love had caught up with Leo Rutherford. Lorry and he were the subject of an unending flow of printed speculation which they were quite powerless to stem. They might, of course, have truthfully said that they were "just good friends," but that has long been considered the conventional understatement of an unconventional relationship, and would have made the gossip official. Nevertheless, official or unofficial, the reports were circumstantial enough to supply Lieut. Henry Venner, U.S.N., with food for thought.

Lorry was working in the patio one afternoon when Miss B. emerged from the house, trailing a length of telephone wire after her. "It's Mr. Venner," she said excitedly. "He's calling from Washington."

**L**ORRY took the instrument from her. "Hello, there, Jack Tar," she said. "Hurry up and say something, so I can tell you how nice it is to hear your voice."

"How's the weather out your way?" inquired Hal.

"Gleam," said Lorry. "Are you being a good boy?"

"I am busier than an Austrian exp-papierhanger with his hands full," said Hal. "Mostly I've been writing slogans and figuring out ways of dispensing morale. Did you see that 'When Ignorance Is Blitz' cartoon? I thought that one up."

"That's nice," said Lorry. "Would you like me to send you a box of homemade cookies and some knitted wristlets?"

"No," said Hal. "I would like you to bring them in person."

"I'm afraid that's not very practical," said Lorry.

"I know," said Hal sarcastically. "You are right in the middle of a script."

"Not in the middle," said Lorry. "The beginning. I'm a slow worker without you, dear."

"That's not the impression I've got from the columns," said Hal. "Of course, all this stuff about you and Rutherford is a bunch of hooey, isn't it?"

"I don't know what you've heard," said Lorry. "Leo's been beaming me round a little. You'd like him, Hal. He's a cockeyed character and just as bright as they come. I hope some day we can write a play for him. He has lots more personality than he gets credit for."

"He's got credit for plenty," said Hal.

"Tell me about you. Have you met anybody that's fun?"

"Well, Poldi's introduced me round. You remember her, don't you? Poldi Markowska."

"Yes, I remember her," said Lorry. "Darling, this call must be costing you a fortune."

"The operator will let me know when I've talked twenty-one dollars' worth," said Hal.

"But I'm afraid I have to run. I've a cocktail date with Leo, and I'm terribly late now."

"Well, run then," said Hal crossly. "Wait a minute! Lorry, are you still there?"

"Just."

"You haven't said anything about missing me."

"I do, though," said Lorry. "and so does Miss B. We keep fresh-cut flowers on your typewriter. So long, sailor."

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TENDER PROMISES TO HIM -



AND ONE TO HERSELF:  
"I'LL NEVER NEGLECT MY  
HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE"

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every 10 Film Stars...



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**M**ANFRED knew instinctively that old Mac suspected him. He had sensed it the moment he saw the old man that morning. He had tried to reassure himself with the thought that old Mac, an uncompromising Scot, as cold and grim as a Highland crag, was always brusque, and there had been nothing significant in his manner.

He was imagining things, starting at shadows. It was the natural reaction to prolonged nervous strain.

There had been something strange about old Mac though, a subtle something that communicated itself urgently to Manfred's telepathic sense, and it made him sweat with sudden fear. Then he discovered that old Mac had sent for certain records. Manfred went back to his office, his face white and stiff, and closed the door.

He was stunned at the disaster that had overtaken him. Old Mac would have no mercy, Manfred was sure of that. He was a hard old man. He would demand an eye for an eye.

Manfred stared at the wall. After all his careful planning and his cleverness, he was to be ruined by the merest chance. He had always realised the possibility of someone stumbling on the truth by accident. A million to one chance, he had reckoned it in his exact, methodical fashion, and he had dismissed it from his consideration.

It would mean imprisonment, of course, a long term. Old Mac would see to that. He felt suddenly sick, and a burning hatred of old Mac swept through him. He saw the net closing about him, and he was filled with sudden panic. He felt an urge to run, but he fought it back. Flight would be madness. Suicide occurred to him, and the thought was like a cold shock to his fevered brain. He made a great effort to control his thoughts, forcing himself to sit motionless, closing his eyes and breathing deeply.

He must think calmly he kept telling himself. He prided himself on his ordered and disciplined brain, which he often imagined as a cold, highly polished piece of mechanism under perfect control.

Manfred continued to concentrate, refusing to permit himself to think of the desperate need for haste, because that would distract his thoughts. He willed himself to think, to survey the problem from every angle. There was a solution, and it would come to him if he concentrated.

The telephone jangled at his elbow and he started. He answered it with a thumping heart, a trifling matter which angered him. He answered curtly and replaced the receiver, and as he did so an idea dawned upon him.

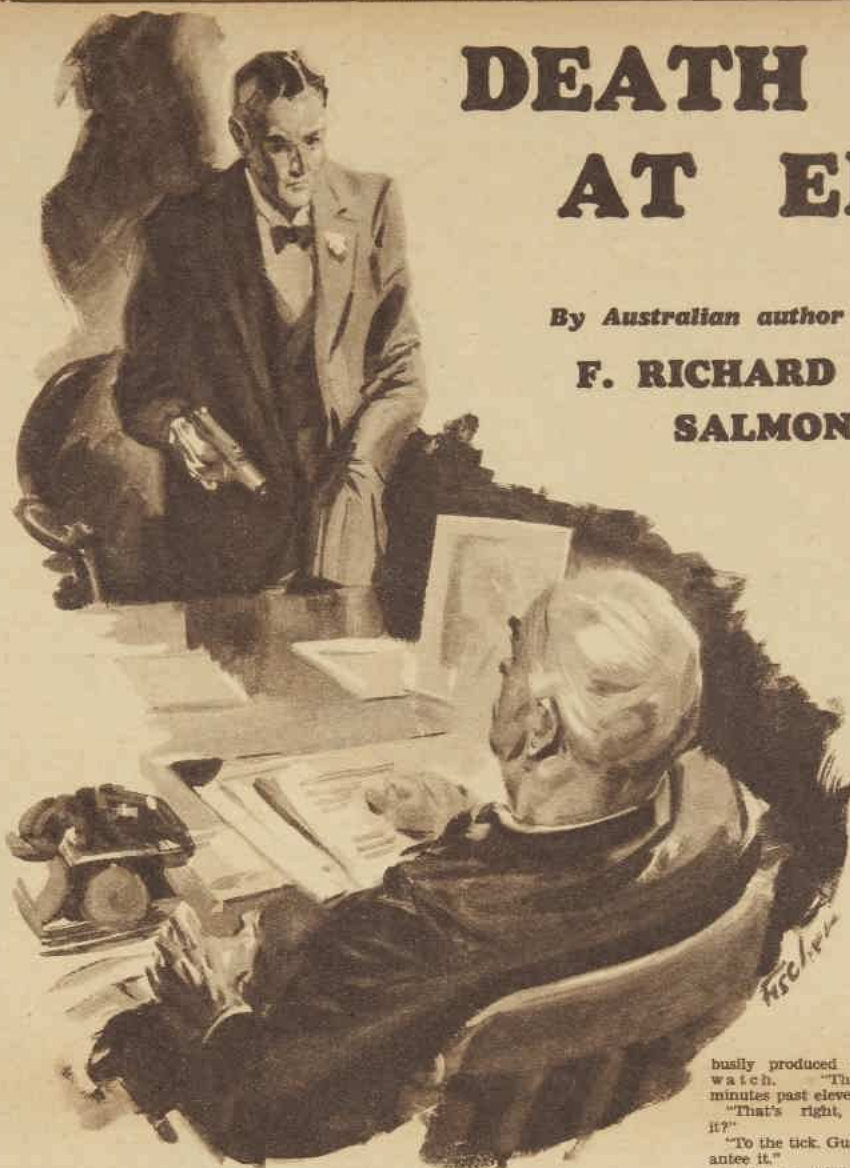
He was conscious of a sense of triumph, and even at that moment he could not but think that he had a remarkable brain. A new strength coursed through him. He felt confident, stimulated, but he did not permit himself to become excited. That, he told himself, was where his strength lay, in his ability to control his mind, and consequently his emotions.

He worked out his plan, and then he reviewed it with cold detachment, examining it carefully, and at length, satisfied that it was without a flaw, he went over it again, mentally rehearsing it, so that every detail was impressed on his memory. Then he went to his flat, which was nearby, to get his pistol.

He had had the pistol for years, and until recently he had practised shooting assiduously, because he believed it helped to cultivate the habit of accuracy and concentration. He was naturally secretive, and he had fitted the pistol with a silencer so that he could practise shooting, as he did his other exercises, without attracting attention.

Returning quickly from his flat, he made for old Mac's office, which was on the floor immediately above his own, climbing the stairs slowly so that he would not get out of breath. He saw Spragge at the far end of the corridor, standing about outside old Mac's office, doing nothing, as usual. Manfred had never liked Spragge. He was a sycophant and a parasite, and was always hanging round old Mac, who, for some unfathomable reason, would listen to nothing against him.

Spragge filled in his time, after cleaning out old Mac's room in the mornings, marching officially up and down the corridor and preventing people from getting into the



"You can't scare me with that," said old Mac, eyeing the automatic.

room unless they had an appointment. No one ever entered or left old Mac's room without Spragge's knowledge. He had a way of appearing to be busy while doing nothing, and he looked tremendously industrious as Manfred appeared in the corridor.

"Morning, Mr. Manfred," he said. "Mr. McDougal's not engaged just now. You can go straight in."

Manfred nodded curtly and went in.

Old Mac was sitting at his massive, old-fashioned writing table, and he glanced up quickly as Manfred entered. His face was grim and set and his eyes were frightening. He looked a terrible old man, sitting there glaring up from under his drawn, shaggy brows.

Neither spoke. Each stared into the other's eyes, and in the tense silence each was aware that the other knew his thoughts. Manfred lowered his gaze for a moment to the books spread on old Mac's table, and that brief movement of his eyes was as eloquent as if he had spoken.

"You treacherous Judas," old Mac said hoarsely.

Manfred said nothing. He stood tense, his eyes cold and watchful.

Old Mac's cold fury showed at the back of his eyes, and he made an obvious effort to keep it under control. He called Manfred some ugly names, and his gnarled hands were straining against the pressure of his rage.

Manfred stood motionless, only his eyes flickered.

"I've trusted you," old Mac said harshly. "This firm has trusted you, and you've robbed it of thousands. I don't know the full extent of your roguery yet, but I'll find out, and by heaven, you'll pay to the last farthing. You've been very clever, Manfred, but I've caught up with you. You made one little slip, as all crooks do sooner or later, and

this morning by accident I discovered it. That slip will put you in gaol for ten years."

"Who else knows about this?" Manfred's voice was casual, disinterested, but he watched the other's face intently.

"No one yet," old Mac said, and Manfred loosed a quiet breath of relief. "But they soon will," old Mac went on quickly. "I wanted to be sure, and now I am sure. I've all the evidence I want." He slammed his open palms down on the table. "Don't fool yourself that this will be hushed up, because it won't be. You're going to pay, Manfred. By heaven, you're going to pay."

"We shall see," Manfred said, and he took his automatic from his pocket.

Old Mac stiffened and he stared into Manfred's eyes.

"You can't scare me with that," he said. And Manfred took deliberate aim and shot him through the head.

**T**HAT was at exactly eleven o'clock.

Manfred remembered that because he had a clear impression of the sound of a cuckoo as he shot old Mac. It was curious, he reflected, how irrelevant trifles impressed themselves on the memory in times of crisis.

He thought it curious, too, that a man so coldly practical as old Mac should be so sentimental as to have in his office a cuckoo clock which had belonged to his dead wife. But he was a man of unexpected sentiment. There was the sycophantic and parasitical Spragge, for instance.

Spragge came marching up busily as Manfred emerged from old Mac's room, and Manfred, glancing at his watch, frowned and said: "Have you the time, Spragge? My watch has stopped."

"Certainly, Mr. Manfred," Spragge

# DEATH CAME AT ELEVEN

By Australian author

**F. RICHARD SALMON**

ticking of the cuckoo clock sounded loud in the silence.

"He's dead," Spragge whispered from behind his shoulder. "Stone dead."

"Don't touch anything," Manfred snapped at him.

He went out of the room, closing the door.

"Lock the door," he said to Spragge. "Stay here, and don't let anyone in."

Manfred hurried away and gave instructions that no one was to leave the premises; then he phoned the police.

So far everything was perfect; everything had gone as he had planned. Spragge had seen him enter and leave old Mac's room, and in asking the time he had established in Spragge's mind beyond doubt the exact time that he had left the room. Three minutes past eleven. Spragge would swear to that. He would also swear that Manfred had not returned until after old Mac had been killed.

Miss Merryweather would testify that old Mac had spoken to her on the telephone at about fifteen minutes past eleven, proving conclusively that old Mac was alive after he had left him.

He had been clever there. Old Mac's Scotch accent had been easy to imitate, and he had heard him call Miss Merryweather a hundred times: "Oh, Miss Merryweather, will ye come and see me a minute?" It never varied.

And so he had established that old Mac had been shot between the time he left the room and Miss Merryweather had entered it. And even apart from that, he could not possibly be suspected. Everyone knew how old Mac trusted him and how well they got on together. There was no earthly reason why he should kill old Mac. The police would look for a motive, but they would find none. That was a secret between old Mac and himself, and old Mac was dead.

The police arrived and Manfred, greeting them briskly, led the way to old Mac's room and related what had happened in his cold, concise way.

"Shot at close quarters," one of the detectives said, bending over the body. "Bullet passed clean through the head."

Manfred thought the two plainclothes detectives looked a dull and unimaginative pair. One was fat; the other thin. They gave him a subtle sense of superiority, but he did not patronise them. He was secretly amused at their questions, but he took thought before he answered them. He was wary and on his guard. You never knew what these policemen were getting at.

Yes, he told the thin detective, he was secretary to the firm, and had been for ten years. He had seen Mr. McDougal that morning, as he frequently did, at about eleven o'clock. Yes, was quite sure of the time, because he distinctly remembered the cuckoo clock striking while he was in the room. No, he had not gone into the room again until Miss Merryweather had told him that Mr. McDougal had been shot. Mr. McDougal was his normal self. No, he had no enemies that Manfred knew of. Of course, he had business enemies, that was inevitable in running so large a concern. No, he knew of no one quarrelling with Mr. McDougal recently.

They went downstairs to Manfred's office and Miss Merryweather came in. She was calm, but her eyes were swollen with weeping.

All she knew was that Mr. McDougal had telephoned her, asking her to see him. Yes, it was quite usual. There was nothing in his voice or manner to lead her to suspect anything unusual. She went straight to his room. Well, she pondered her nose first, and two or three minutes may have elapsed, no more. She thought it was about quarter past eleven when Mr. McDougal phoned her, but she wasn't sure. She ran out of the room when she saw Mr. McDougal lying on the floor. She told Spragge and then went down to tell Mr. Manfred.

Please turn to page 37





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# SURPRISE VISIT

**W**EATHERFORD sat before the fireplace, sipping the port his doctor had forbidden him. Then slowly he put down the glass, resting his thin hand on the arm of the chair. His wine, his books, even life itself had lost its savor these days.

Boggs came softly into the room from the kitchen, his usually placid countenance worried. "Ten o'clock, Mr. Weatherford."

Weatherford said testily, "I can tell time, Boggs. I am not a child who needs to be tucked in bed at night."

"No, sir," Boggs shifted uneasily. Weatherford gripped the chair arms, then stood erect, tall and slim, shoulders slightly bowed, spare silver hair brushed back from his forehead.

"Boggs," he said, "I am going to be a fire-guard."

He was alert for a mirthful chuckle, but his servant's face remained impassive. "It is not my desire, you understand," Weatherford went on. "But it appears there is a shortage of available fire-watchers in this street. They were very short-handed during the last alert. They have appealed to my sense of duty."

He paused, but Boggs said nothing. "A fire-guard," Weatherford went on bitterly. "With an armband and a tin hat."

He started for the bedroom and paused to look at the pictures on the mantelpiece, one of his wife, the other of his son. His wife had been dead for ten years, his son was in the Fleet Air Arm. Weatherford could imagine what it was like at sea; he could piece together a picture from the brief letters from the son he had never known. For the boy had never broken through his father's reserve.

They had been polite to each other, like well-mannered strangers, and since his wife's death Weatherford had retired into a life of his own. He had stepped down from being a bank manager to the retreat of his garden, and his books of a world gone by.

This was not his war. He was too old to help, and he felt nothing but irritation and bewilderment at the frantic activity which was going on all round him.

He took a step across the room and the doorbell rang. Boggs disappeared to the front hall and presently Weatherford heard a low feminine voice saying, "I must see Mr. Weatherford."

Boggs returned, ushering in a young woman, a girl no more than twenty. She was slim and clear-eyed, with a clear beauty of youth.

She said, "Mr. Weatherford?"

He inclined his head slightly. A mischievous smile curled the corners of her mouth, making her appear even younger than before.

"You are a bit of a bear, aren't you?" she said. "Slats told me you would be."

Faint color flamed in Weatherford's cheeks. He said bleakly, "I am not acquainted with anyone named Slats."

The girl said, "Your son, Richard. The boys nicknamed him Slats, because he's so long and thin, you know."

Weatherford did not smile. "Richard sent you here?"

The girl's smile faded. She said gravely, "I'm afraid this is going to be rather a shock. Slats—Richard didn't tell you. He married me four months ago. We met while he was on a course ashore and were married just before he sailed. He thought it best not to tell you right away. I was Mary Dudley—Mary Weatherford now—I hope you won't mind too badly."

Weatherford had gripped the chair back with one hand. All his life he had trained himself to mask emotions, and the training helped him now. His son was married to this pretty girl who looked like any other young girl he saw about nowadays. She was in the family, she was a Weatherford. He said, "My belated best wishes for your happiness."

"Thank you," she said. She looked at him a moment, then rubbed across the floor, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him. Weatherford frowned faintly, wondering if there were an imprint of lipstick on his cheek. He heard a murmur, "Oh, oh," from an absorbed and eavesdropping Boggs in the doorway.

Mary said, "I know how you feel. Slats—Richard told me all about you. He's like you. When he proposed to me, he said, 'Would you mind terribly thinking about marrying me?'" she grinned, then said, "Was his mother like that, too?"

"No," Weatherford said, carried back into the past, seeing himself at a fancy-dress ball, and a girl across the room whose warm brown eyes laughed at him above a fan.

He brought himself back to the present. "Did you call here to tell me the news?"

"Well, no," she said. "There's been what you might call an alteration in our plans. Richard doesn't know yet. I haven't been able to tell him because he'd worry. I had a war job and I was simply going to go on with it for the duration. But something happened. I'm going to have a baby."

This, Weatherford thought dully, was the modern generation, the modern world. No sense of values, no perspective. He felt suddenly glad that his life was almost ended.

The girl went on, "I had to leave my job. My parents were separated years ago, my mother's no longer living, and I don't know where my father is. I haven't heard from him for years. The simple truth, Mr. Weatherford, is that I came here because I had no other place to turn. I was desperate."

Weatherford choked silently, then said, "You'll stay here to-night, of course. In the morning we can make suitable arrangements." He turned toward the door into the hall where Boggs was still hovering. "Boggs, now that you've overheard all the news, perhaps you'll show the young—show Mrs. Weatherford to Richard's room. I presume she has some luggage with her."

"Thank you," Mary said. Her eyes were suspiciously moist in the swift and complex fashion of woman's changing emotions, and Weatherford bowed good-night and watched her leave the room.

He stood there thinking that he had tried to escape from the world and failed.

Boggs returned and said conversationally, "Mrs. Richard is unpacking, sir."



"She can't stay here," Weatherford said. "It's impossible."

Boggs said, "Yes, sir," and turned about.

"Where are you going?" Weatherford snapped at him.

"Going to help her repack her bags, sir," Boggs said blandly.

"Don't be an idiot," Weatherford said. "She can stay here to-night. In the morning we'll have to find some other place for her."

Weatherford rose at seven-thirty the next morning. He shaved, dressed meticulously, and went into the dining-room. Mary was already seated at the table. He sat down at his accustomed place, and Boggs appeared with breakfast.

Weatherford said, "I have been giving some thought to your situation. This is a bachelor establishment which I purchased after my wife died. We're a bit cramped for

"Would you like to sit in the dining-room? We won't be long," said Mary.

walk. He walked slowly along the street, considering the problem of his daughter-in-law. Old age, he thought, should give one tranquillity and peace. He wanted only to rest in a quiet eddy while the stream of life moved swiftly on without him.

A few minutes later he entered the warden's post. He filled in a form at a desk and gave it to the warden in charge. Weatherford glared at him. "I wish to state that I am willing to be a member of a street party, but I cannot consider being a roof spotter."

The man said, "That's quite all right. You will be very useful on the Tuesday night street party, which is short just now."

Weatherford signed for his tin hat, and clutching it very awkwardly he left the post. He turned down a side street, and in a window he saw a sign: Room To Let.

He went up the steps, rang the bell, and was admitted by a woman in down-at-the-heel carpet slippers and a soiled and faded dress. She led him down a dark passage and opened a door into a small, dark, dreary room. Silently he withdrew and went on down the street. But there were no more houses with vacant rooms, and an hour later he was home, tired from his walk. He went in and saw the living-room

furniture disarranged. Mary was wielding a mop, while Boggs, on hands and knees, polished the floor.

Mary said, "Would you like to sit in the dining-room? We won't be long."

Weatherford picked his way past the furniture and sat down on a straight dining-room chair. Boggs came by, muttering to himself, "Going to get blisters on my knees if she stays here."

Weatherford sat there, humped on the dining-room chair like an aged crow, staring glumly through the window. He'd been put on the fire-watching rota, given a tin hat, and told to attend a lecture on incendiary bombs to-night. There was a strange woman in his house who was going to present him with a grandchild. He closed his eyes and groaned.

Mary called, "You may come in now, Mr. Weatherford."

He looked at the gleaming windows and polished floor beyond the edge of the carpet. Mary said, "Why not take a little nap?"

"I'm not sleepy," he said irritably.

He sat down, and as the cushion sank under his weight, drowsiness overcame him. He had done a lot of walking that morning. His head dropped back and Mary smiled and left the room.

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## By WILLARD TEMPLE

space as it is. Richard stayed here on his holidays from school, and we were crowded then. I think the best solution will be to find you a room somewhere in the town. I don't want you to worry about money, it might have an unfortunate effect on your—um—condition. I shall take care of the financial details. If you wish to consider it a loan—"

"I do," she said quickly. "I have some money saved up to pay for the baby. And I'll be getting money from Richard."

Weatherford filled his coffee-cup and began his breakfast. After a moment Mary said, "You know, Richard thinks you're a very brilliant man, Mr. Weatherford. Only he says that you're living in the past."

"Judging from the headlines," Weatherford glanced at the folded morning paper beside him, "perhaps the idea has merit."

Mary shrugged. "Well, you can't turn back the calendar. Perhaps you can pretend to, but I can't. I have to think of the world my child's going to live in, and the future for Richard and myself."

"You have the resilience of youth," Weatherford said.

They finished breakfast in silence, and Weatherford retired to the living-room to read the paper. He rose finally. "Boggs, I have to go down to the post and arrange to have my name put on the rota."

Boggs helped him into his overcoat and handed him his hat and stick. Weatherford went down the front steps and turned left toward the centre of the town, a ten-minute

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# Dr. Clay's Wife

**Y**OUNG Dr. Katherine Prescott was nervous. The assured tilt of her head, the cool amusement in her eyes and the suggestion of strength in her face denied it; yet underneath the outward appearance of control she was very nervous as she approached the Evans Memorial Hospital and the new job which waited for her there.

"For all the world like a first-year medical student dragging herself into a dissection lab, for the first time," she told herself with a wry smile. After all, why should it matter so much?

"Three years can be a long time," she added to herself, as though she did not, indeed, know that three years can be interminable. And David probably had forgotten. Men are not so inclined to remember.

And if he had forgotten? Her shoulders stiffened. Well, then, she was merely Dr. Katherine Prescott, pathologist, and in her medical school training days a very good friend of Dr. David Clay. David, she was sure, was largely responsible for the offer of this position at the Evans Memorial Hospital.

He had remembered enough for that. Katherine Prescott was not exactly a beautiful woman. But there was something in the extraordinary life and intelligence of her eyes that gave an illusion of beauty. Now she was laughing at herself over the unusual indecision she was feeling as she approached the hospital.

She did not try to deceive herself. She knew that she had taken this position, out of three offered her, because she would be near David. She might as well admit that. She knew, too, that she was nervous, not because of the new work which faced her, but merely because she was to see him again.

Her mind told her emotions not to count on it, however. She had not seen David since he had come back to the medical school to a conference three years ago.

She managed another wry smile at herself. Why should an annual Christmas card, an occasional scribbled note that looked like nothing so much as one of his all but illegible prescriptions, hold her thought so much? Poor material for her heart's food for three years!

She went up the marble steps, through the hospital entrance. Inside, something of tension went out of her. This was good.

There was the familiar hospital smell. There was the usual quiet, penetrated at intervals by the rapid movements of a duty nurse, the unobtrusive and masculine steps of the staff physicians hurrying to make their rounds, by the indifferent monotone of the switchboard girl.

Under and above and through it all was the feeling of purpose here. Yes, this was good indeed. Katherine made her way through the long corridors until she approached the staircase leading downstairs to the laboratories. A little group of people stood by the lift next to the stairs.

As she neared them there was a burst of hilarious laughter. There was talking, much of it, and loud. Then another burst of unexpressed merriment.

Katherine eyed them coolly. It was very gay, very animated. And in a hospital, just opposite the surgical ward—all very wrong.

Her eyes met those of the duty nurse, a faint question in them.

Nurse Thomas, whom she had met the previous week on her first visit

to the hospital, shook her head in disgust, but she made no other movement apart from a small shrug that said she was helpless. Katherine looked at the group more closely.

There were three men, unquestionably attractive, and very much attracted to the girl with them. One knew instinctively that here, in this girl, was the focus of the group.

She was a beautiful girl, with fair hair and wide dark eyes that even in their laughter demanded—and, Katherine thought, usually got—whatever she happened to want at the moment. At this particular instant she happened to want to be animated and conspicuous and flirtatious and noisy during quiet hours in the hospital. So she was. And no one even tried to stop her.

Their eyes met as Katherine made her way round the group, trying to keep all comment out of her glance.

The other girl's look passed on, over her, as though she did not exist.

"I know the type," Katherine thought, pushing down a feeling of resentment. "Nothing to do and all the time in the world to do it in!" She shrugged off a momentary annoyance, a feeling that she had not entirely done the girl justice. There was something shrewdly intelligent there, too!

Another, louder burst of laughter followed her down the stairs, but she paid no further attention to it. She walked rapidly down to the basement corridor.

A moment later she stood in the doorway of the large office common to the laboratories.

"Well, Tom, still at it?" At the sound of the jow, amused



"What a child you are!" he said.

voice, the big man who was bending and scowling unhappily into a microscope spun round, facing her.

He was not a handsome man, not at all. But there was something so instantly likeable about him that one did not think of that. He was big and burly, with a tousled thatch of hair. Dr. Tom Andrews looked very much as a small boy of six looks when he emerges from an afternoon nap.

At this moment an unexpected ice-cream might have been in sight for the six-year-old. His more than adequate voice rose in a sort of sublimated bellow. "Kay!"

He jumped to his feet, his hand outstretched. Before such a large

## Romantic new serial— life, love, and drama in a large hospital.

man should have been half-way across the room he had enveloped her in a kind of primordial bear-hug.

"Kay, Kay," he said. "Are you a sight for ailing eyesight!" He held her off. "How are you, Kay? Here, let me look at you!"

"At what's left of me, you meant?" Kay said ruefully, but laughing. "And if you want to know, I probably have at least three broken ribs, thank you!" She searched his face affectionately. "My word, Tom, you haven't changed a bit." She took in his rumpled and stained laboratory coat. "Not even to—"

"Not even to putting on a fresh coat every other time I turn round," he retorted, anticipating her. "Give it up, Kay. If you couldn't train me in our college days, why try now?" She and Tom had known each other from the beginning of their medical training.

A tall girl with amused brown eyes set in a plain and definitely unglamorous face got up from the other side of the table.

"Well, between the two of us we might get somewhere. I doubt it, though. I think you're hopeless, too. Hello, Dr. Prescott," she said. "I'm glad to see you at last. I know you're Dr. Prescott—we've heard so much about you that I'm sure Tom wouldn't light up like a neon sign for anyone else. I'm—"

Katherine put out her hand gladly, instantly liking this tall and raw-boned but appealing person. "And you're Jane—Dr. Lester—aren't you?"

"From O.B.," Tom interposed. "At the moment no one's replenishing the earth upstairs, so she's hanging about with us. A really bright girl, Kay."

"I've heard that, too!"

Jane scrutinised her frankly, making no pretence of not doing so. "Yes, I think you'll do!"

Kay laughed. "You sound relieved!"

"You'd be, too, if you were me! David and Tom have made you out such a paragon that I thought you'd be impossible!"

David! Kay's heart would have made a cardiogram look like a Wall Street graph in the midst of panic.

"Oh, those two!" she said lightly. "They've 'brung me up' ever since my early medical school days and—"

"And proposed to her every other week," Tom added with a grin. "At least I have. Come on, Kay, sit down and tell us about yourself. We all missed you when you came to beard the lion last week. Staff meeting."

"I know. I was sorry. I came down, but they kept me so long in the office—"

"You came through with flying colors all right. But we didn't expect you until next week."

Katherine drew off her gloves and sat on the edge of the table.

"Proceed, slaves, with your work. I'm not a working woman until next week, thank you. I don't begin until a week to-morrow. But I had finished the job I was doing at the university and thought I might as well come here and find myself a place to live—get the settling over."

"There's a room for you in the annex if you want it."

"I wonder if I do, Dr. Lester. What do you think? I thought perhaps a small flat—"

"Suit yourself," Jane said briskly, "but you'll have to be near. On call at nights, half the time, you know. As for me, I'd as soon live in Grand Central station as in the annex."

"I vote for the flat," Tom said promptly, "so that a hard-working bacteriologist can drop in for a good dinner now and again. If you won't come and live at my house, Kay, you'd just better count on my living at yours. That annex is a combination of a female boarding-school and an old ladies' home. You ask David." Then he added, "Seen him yet?"

Katherine felt her color flare at the apparently casual question which she was not certain was as cursory as Tom meant her to believe it to be. "No, the wretch. Where does he keep himself?"

"Oh, he's probably holding hands with some poor abused little woman whose husband won't let her have



her own way, so she gets ill in order to do it," Tom said. "Anyway, I'm getting my bid in. You've got to go to the staff party with me tonight, my love. I shall catalogue the idiosyncrasies of everybody for your unbelieving ears and—"

"Oh, no, you won't!" Katherine assured him. "I know you. I'll find things out for myself, thanks. But I'd like to go."

The interruption came from the door.

"Is Dr. Clay in here?" The emphasis on the word implied a long and not too patient search. It was the girl in the passage. Her smile was the conscious sweetness of the charm school expert, but impatience lay under it so definitely that one forgot all but the exasperation.

Tom deliberately turned away without speaking, screwing his lens up and down in search of focus. It was Jane who spoke.

"No, Miss Williams. He hasn't been in here this morning. He did his rounds early, but said he'd be back later. Have you met Dr. Prescott, our new pathologist? Miss Williams, Kay."

Eunice Williams flashed a brightly warm smile at Kay that was entirely empty of meaning except, perhaps, of indifference. She pouted.

"I've been all over the hospital. Send him along to me when he comes in, will you?" The imperative note in her voice was apparently unconscious; it certainly did not indicate

any doubt as to whether David would meet the request. "I want to speak to him. I'll be in the sun-room on the first floor."

Jane's manner was very bland. "Yes, Miss Williams. I'll tell Dr. Clay."

"You are a sweet thing, Dr. Lester. Thanks so very much!"

They all waited, carefully not speaking, while the tap tap of the high heels dug little holes in the silence. The lift doors changed. Jane expelled a long breath, compressed her lips in one firm line. Katherine suddenly felt weak.

"Oh, go on, say it!" Tom growled, his usually pleasant face a ferocious scowl. "How I should like to take a healthy swat at that brat!"

"Now, Tommy, my child, don't go and explode," Kay said. The airiness extended only to her tone, however. Inside she felt a premonition not at all light. "After all, she..."

"She only thinks the world is her oyster," Jane said coolly.

"She's so infernally arch," Tom said. "I could stand downright smootiness better than that distilled sweetness that takes everything for granted in its sweep."

"Well, she's young."

"Not too young to haul Clay about as though he were one of those pekingese she drags about," Tom retorted.

"Who is she?" Kay must find out. If she kept her tone pleasantly





"Come along, David, and play," Eunice's drawling voice broke in on their work.

curious they wouldn't guess. "I saw her in the passage as I came in." "With a bunch of her trained seals, cackling like a whole flock of hens, I'll wager." Tom's disgust was boundless. "Like the movie stars, she moves in a retinue." He added in response to Kay's question "She thinks she's a glamor gal, with a touch of Mata Hari and Helen of Troy thrown in!"

"You under-estimate her," Jane said shrewdly. "She's no fool. Quite the opposite."

"She's a good imitation of one." Jane ignored that and went on, addressing Kay: "She's Eunice Whitney Williams, and she's the granddaughter of the man who practically owns this hospital," she said, her lips still showing firm control. "He gives so much money that the whole board turns somersaults whenever he sneezes."

"And she's been turning one of the best research men in the country into a hand-holding boudoir lapdog. If there's anything she can drag him off to, she does. Never let the practice of medicine interfere with your fun. It just isn't done."

"Just the same," Jane said slowly, as though hating to make the admission, "perhaps she knows David better than we do. She thinks he wants that kind of success more than he does the less spectacular success of what she calls small research." She said nothing for a moment, then added in a troubled way, "Perhaps he does. He's behaved like it this last year or so."

Tom snorted. "Small research! Addison's disease!"

"She knows enough about science to know that there are only three or four hundred cases reported a year."

Why should David wear himself out over an obscure skin disease?"

"You know as well as I do, Jane," Tom said hotly, "that Addison's is no mere skin disease. I shouldn't call a deficiency in the cortex of the adrenal glands a small thing. The adrenals are pretty vital. Try to get along without 'em and you'll find yourself playing a harp."

"Nor I," Jane answered calmly. "Call it a small thing, I mean. But Eunice may. She isn't a doctor, and perhaps doesn't place the same emphasis on research as we do."

"Then, to use your own term, she is a fool."

"Not at all. She knows that David is trying to find a new and better extract than the ones they have now, hoping to find as good a substitute as Banting did for diabetes, for instance. She knows, too, that he's trying to do even more than that. The effects of Addison's and shock are very similar. David, like a lot of other men, thinks the improved treatment of one will benefit the other; so that if he gets an improved extract and can treat shock more successfully—all kinds of shock—shell shock, injury, operative—he really will have something pretty big."

"Then why in heaven's name doesn't she leave him alone to do it?"

"Because she doesn't think he has it in him, for one thing. She doesn't believe he can do it. For another, it just isn't fun."

Kay could not quite keep out of her tone the dismay she felt at this last blow. "You don't mean David's given up his research! Surely, Tom!"

"Surely, Kay!" He mimicked her. "Surely you don't expect the glamorous Miss Williams to want a man with his nose in a lab. all the time. How much better it is to have a society physician at the end of your leash, one that all the girls adore, and can't get! 'Oh, my dear, have you tried that adorable Doctor Clay, the one that goes about with Eunice Williams, you know. He's simply divine . . . and good-looking! Why, the other day I was in his consulting-room, and . . .'"

"And you shut up," Jane said grimly. "Forget it, can't you?"

"No. And you can't, either."

"But David . . . they're excited at the university about his new extracts. The ones they have been using are not completely satisfactory, and . . ."

"Oh, he's still got a few patients

David to make him look like that?" His face was fatigued, too much so for his twenty-nine years. And yet . . . and yet, it was David's face!

The moment fell away and other scenes came, unbidden, as they so often had a way of doing.

There was David, in the early days of his training, tall and assured in his dark good looks, his grey eyes looking down at her, not with the superior amusement of the mighty senior but with a laughter in them that did not, somehow, rankle.

He had been a senior and she a very nervous freshman, doggedly determined but a little sick from the new work of the dissection laboratory.

"Never mind," he had said, "they're just teasing you. You'll get used to it." Then he added, "And don't let any of them tell you they weren't sick themselves at first. Our

landladies made sheer profit from our food bills for weeks." He proffered her an immaculate handkerchief. "Here, be sick and then come on back. I'll get you started. It isn't too bad, really; not if you want to do it badly enough. You do, don't you?" She had snatched the white square of linen and had run off unceremoniously down the passage. She had had time for only one swift upward look at him. Despite her revulsion, however, and her nausea, she never had forgotten what she saw. When she had returned he was waiting for her.

"There, that's better," he had said cheerfully. "Come on, now. I'll show you how to keep the subject covered except where you're working. Let 'em laugh if they want to. It helps."

There were other times, too. There was David at football matches with the autumn air crisp and cold and lovely, blowing from the lake. Or with his hands under her elbow helping her up the wooden planks that ringed the gymnasium during the basketball games, boards that were quickly taken down when the dancing began after the game, and she would dance with David. Finally there was David's graduation. Ahead there were three years of medical school without him.

That was the night they had driven out by the lake and walked hand in hand along the beach.

"Dr. David Clay," she had said at last. "That sounds right, somehow. But it's a long road, isn't it, David?"

"Yes," he said, looking down at her gravely, his expression somewhat wry. "And it isn't over yet. The degree doesn't really end it."

He did not finish, but she knew what he meant. One isn't free, not really, even after six years. There's the intern year, perhaps more, and then the painful beginnings that may or may not lead to a kind of freedom at last. Unconsciously she sighed.

"I hate you to go, David. Tom and I are going to miss you."

"Tom and you!" His face crinkled with laughter, and his dark head was very near her own. "Tom and you! Kay, Kay, what a child you are!"

She had faced him, chin up, at that. "I am not. I'm twenty-three years old and . . ."

## By MILDRED F. MEESE

upstairs, and he has our experimental lab space half-filled with his experiments," Tom admitted. "We run the lab, in conjunction with the university here, you know, and they've assigned him help and some money, as well as space. The trouble is that he's wearing himself out at night trying to keep going. Doing research in odd moments, David is."

"Well, you can't help admiring the girl," Jane said.

It was at that moment that Dr. Clay entered the office. Jane and Tom were suddenly silent.

Kay saw him first, however, and in one glance she saw that he was worn and tired. "Harried," she thought, "is the word. What has happened to

him? Let 'em laugh if they want to. It helps."

Please turn to page 28

Page 9



# New York's bid for fashion lead

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON from New York

The coming year will see a struggle for supremacy in fashion designing between Paris and New York. Liberation of the French capital has aroused feverish activity in the establishments of the great designers.

But while Paris was shut off from the rest of the Western world, New York was spending billions of dollars in making a bid for first place in this field.

**I**N a determined effort to become the fashion centre of the world, New York formed its Dress Institute, sponsored by Mayor La Guardia, staging its own fashion openings and teaming leading designers and manufacturers with one of the smartest and best-run unions in the country—the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

The idea originated with the head of the union. New York's billion-dollar fashion industry was slumping when he advanced this plan for stimulating the industry and keeping its workers fully employed.

The institute when formed listed its objectives as, one, making New York the fashion centre of the world; and two, maintaining New York's dress leadership of the United States.

The ambitious scheme was supported by captains of industry, who promised the union they would pour from three to four billion dollars into promoting the project. It captured the imagination of designers whose names were becoming familiar all over the country as Paris clothes faded to a dim, pre-war memory.

Hattie Carnegie, Claire McCardell, Nettie Rosenstein, Norman Norell, and a score of other topnotchers worked out creations for seasonal showings, and the institute got off to a flying start by launching a big Press week.

This was on the same lines as the Paris collections, only writers and stylists came from the four corners of America instead of the world to give women a foretaste of what they'd wear.

New York buzzed with tit-bits of exciting trends, and a Claire McCardell "pop-over" dress, a Norell waistline, and a Lily Dache hair-net evoked just as much interest as any model with the magic name of Chanel, Lelong, or Molyneux.

As a social event New York's showings lacked nothing of the glamor and sophistication of Paris when it was fashion's Mecca.

Champagne flowed, hors-d'oeuvres were served as lovely models paraded, while string orchestras played softly in the mirrored salons.

Being New York and not Paris, however, there was some rostrum thumping, for Mayor La Guardia at the wind-up luncheon emphasized New York's claim to being the world's fashion centre.

La Guardia, however, has done much more than make speeches to justify the world title. He has submitted plans for a huge fashion building occupying several square blocks of New York real estate.

## Latest collection

**MEANWHILE**, New York's third collection has been launched.

Breath-taking in loveliness, it has also gone a long way toward helping the war effort. Within Government restrictions limiting fabrics, designers have worked and met the challenge with ingenuity.

What might appear to be a stumbling block has become a stimulant, and the streamlining of clothes and elimination of unessentials have made American women's dresses simpler, more attractive, and more wearable.

Narrow tubular skirts for town, the sleeveless mode for summer, several colors balanced harmoniously to use up materials are some examples of how style took the first economic hurdle.

One distinct difference between Paris and New York fashion is that Paris sent the hem up or down at a single word, but its clothes were for the elite and came to the masses via adaptation in perhaps a year.

New York Dress Institute works on a united front of designer, manufacturer, and employee, and styles pass overnight to the wearer, for it is part of the platform to bring smart clothes to everyone.

An eight-dollar frock can be as definitely a Maurice Rentner model as the highest-priced gown in his collection. That goes for every name linked up with the institute, for couturiers are harnessed to the wheels of the industry.

Whether New York will hold its own and consolidate the ground it has gained when Paris is once again a rival is a question that cannot be answered now. If it does, it will be because the dress industry had got together to keep the flag of fashion flying during World War II.



**HATTIE CARNEGIE**, leading U.S. fashion designer, who has been evolving styles for American women for 35 years. She cannot draw, sew, or cut a pattern, but her judgment on what will be flattering is considered infallible.



**NETTIE ROSENSTEIN**, whose fashion designs are famous in America for improving the figure with subtle draping.



**TUCKED** ruffing decorates the deep peek-a-boo off-shoulder neckline of this Nettie Rosenstein dinner dress. It is knee length.



**TWO-PIECE**, by Hattie Carnegie, has lining of coat applied with flags cut from print of frock.



**BOLERO SUIT** in brown butcher linen, piped and buttoned in white. Pictures from New York Dress Institute.

## GRACE BROS



### FROCKS FOR Spring

**ME1WW.** Youthfully styled **Floral Frock of British Crepe Rayon**. Made with V neckline, and padded shoulders. Skirt is gathered on to a wide waistband and finished with ties at back. In a range of bright floral designs. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. **PRICE 39 11**  
15 COUPONS

**ME2WW.** Shirt-neck styled for casual wear, this **Frock of Cruise-like Linon** has rever neckline, bust pocket, knife pleats in skirt. Shades: Sunset, Pink, Mission Blue, Pearl Sand, Skyway Blue and Panama Rose. Sizes: SW, W, SOS, OS. **PRICE 37 6**  
15 COUPONS

### FOR Larger FIGURES



ME3WW.

**ME3WW.** Frock of **British Shaded coin-spot Linon-like Rayon**. Designed on slenderising lines for larger fittings. Gored skirt and tie belt. Shades: Saxe, white, Tan/white, Grey/white, Green/white and Sky/white. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. **PRICE 45 -**  
15 COUPONS

**ME4WW.** **Matron's Frock of British Crepe Fountain**, with a delustrated satin finish, heart-shaped neckline, pin-tucked bodice, and unbroken waistline. Gored skirt. Shades: Black, Navy, Dull Rose, Saxe Blue. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. **PRICE 39 11**  
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★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



## When hearts are young and gay...

• A provocative little bonnet of white straw, with double brim and high-soaring crown. The maroon band of gros-grain ribbon, the froth of veiling, and the clump of spring flowers piled on the crown make it irresistible. (Right.)

• The fine black straw boater becomes a beguiling flatterer with the addition of huge pink taffeta petals round the brim, and a soft red rose with green leaves marking the front.

• Accent an upswept hair-do with a saucy pillbox packed closely with violets, and set primly straight on your curls. Green veiling provides a delicate frame for your face.

• White summer felt is used for this shady picture hat, designed on elegant and graceful lines. The brim is margined with royal-blue grosgrain to match the narrow band around the crown.

• Comes the spring and you can cast aside inhibitions and plank this mad little hat of yellow straw at the back of your head. Anchor it firmly with a hatpin through the purple-and-green ribbon bows.

• For gala occasions, try this head-turning style. The broad white band fits snugly over the head and acts as a base for trailing festoons of white daisies and a swirl of coarse veiling.





# New York Fashions



● A style that is equally charming on the golf course or city streets. It is made of grey chambray with bodice, back, and sleeve insets of white.



● For cool drinks and afternoon gossiping — daisy-fresh white cotton that launders beautifully. Cotton lace trills and tiny bows make feminine accents.



## Relaxing



● Field flowers splashed on a ground of yellow seersucker that is beruffled and buttoned down back. A pretty style for sun-worshippers.

## Visiting



● Versatile and crisply cool cotton striped in grey and white, with carnation-red belt to provide a brilliant sliver of color.

● From the steppes of Russia comes inspiration for this long-sleeved peasant tunic. A sheath skirt of black crepe offsets the bloused top that is printed red, white, and black.



● White lace stitched on loops of black grosgrain provides an effective garnishing for this sleek afternoon suit of black, corded silk. The nipped-in jacket features a slight peplum at the back.



# Dining



● A backless frock of striped cotton, buttoned down the back and matched with a bolero. A perfect vacation playmate.



● Mexican in feeling, this black crepe achieves evening importance by a crocheted fringe trim outlining the low "U" neck, drop-shoulder sleeves, and hemline. With it goes a real trend-setter—a tiny, tri-corner shawl.



● Blue - and - white checked gingham is transformed into glamorous short evening dress, with halter neckline and deep peplum over slim skirt.



● A simple shirtmaker frock of navy polka-dotted silk crepe features front pleats in the skirt. With it a hectic red jacket in coarse hopsac linen and a pert white pillbox, wreathed in navy veiling.



● Feminine chi-chi is in order for after-dark festivities. Ruffled hat and gloves go with this short dinner dress of black crepe printed with pottery-blue cornflowers, with draped skirt and cut slightly off the shoulders. Note flirtatious throat-band.



The round-the-clock styles photographed on these pages were designed by the New York Dress Institute. They indicate clearly that America is making a determined bid for fashion supremacy in the post-war world. Watch for bright, young easy-to-laundry sports togs; for suave afternoon styles with peplums, tunics, and all kinds of hipline accents.

Watch for a softening of silhouette designed frankly to increase the effect of curves; and watch, too, for those flippant, short evening dresses—the ingenious answer of the designers to the fabric shortage. For special story of the New York Dress Institute turn to page 10.



# How to buy a Swim Suit

by Joan



I never go near the water before December. I'd rather go lobster red as a penalty for a late start, than stretch the agony over three shivering months of getting a gradual tan like some glamour girls I know.

But this was his first leave, and, when he said, "Come for a swim on Saturday,"



I decided I'd be doing my bit by letting my New Guinea veteran see me in a new swim suit.

But gone were the Velvashets and printed Satin-Knits of yesteryear.

There were just three styles in wool to choose from, and Hedy Lamarr's under-study behind the counter kind of inferred I was lucky to have such a wide choice.

I gave Hedy my bust measurement and headed for the fitting room.

When Hedy saw my contours she thawed a bit, judging she could afford to

show a little sympathy, I suppose.

I needed it. I could see she'd kept her mind on her job enough to give me the bust size I asked for, but the skirt went so far down no one would ever accuse me of being out to do a strip-tease.

What Hedy could see of me through her false eyelashes shattered even her into sympathy. "You couldn't have given me the right size, dear," she said. "I'll see if we've got anything else that will fit you better. I'm new here."

Hedy must have gone for help, because she was replaced by the backbone of the department—the sort of old dear you see in every store, who keeps the departmental fires burning until the W.A.A.F.'s come marching home.

"What's your weight?" the old dear asked.

"Seven stone nine," I admitted. "You don't look that much," she said. "You're such a little thing. Try this one on."



"Is this my bust size?" I asked.

"Is that one you're wearing your bust size?" she asked.

I nodded.

"I thought so. You must learn to buy your Jantzen by your weight in street clothes."



weight on it, and there is her size stated in the next column."

Hedy took a look at the printed size card.

"Simple, isn't it?" said Old Faithful, trying to nail her down.

"Oh, yes," said Hedy. "Why, the customers can work that out for themselves."

"She's on her own," said Old Faithful, as Hedy made her exit. "Nice enough—

but we've never had anyone quite like her in the department before. We all do our best for the customers, but there are so few of us these days and so many people to serve."

"I know you're doing your best," said I, feeling better and better as I kept looking at me and my Jantzen in the mirror. "There should be a roll of honour in every store for you girls who have carried on."



There is a  
printed size scale  
attached to every  
Jantzen swim suit  
as follows:

## LADIES' SIZE SCALE

Size	st. lb.	st. lb.
32	6 11	to 7 7
34	7 7	8 9
36	8 9	9 13
38	9 13	11 4
40	11 4	12 10
42	12 10	14 4
44	14 4	16 0
46	16 0	17 12

little bit tight when you first try it on. It moulds itself to your figure, you see—and after one or two swims it will be absolutely right.

At this moment I was glad to see Hedy again, so she would see how I looked in a Jantzen.

Old Faithful went to work on her.

"Please remember to give the customers their swim suits according to weight. You don't have to remember anything. Just look at this card attached to every Jantzen. It's printed with a complete size scale. All you have to do is to look up the customer's

Simply ask for the size indicated by your weight in street clothes and you'll get the Jantzen that provides perfect, permanent fit. (If you are rather tall for your weight, it is advisable to try on a larger size than that indicated by your weight.) Remember, a perfect-fitting suit lasts much longer. You can still further add to the long service of your Jantzen by following the brief instructions for the care of the suit printed on the reverse side of the size-scale card.

Jantzen





WITH SNAKES IN NORTH. Left to right: Gnr. D. Reynolds, Heavy Artillery, Darwin, with his pet snake, "George." Photo sent by his mother, Mrs. C. R. Reynolds, 6 Westlake, Canberra. Sgt. Simpson, in the North, with a python. Photo sent by Mrs. R. Brooks, 22 Ethel St., Burwood, N.S.W. Gnr. W. Lewin, anti-aircraft unit, Darwin, with a 10ft. python. Photo sent by Mrs. K. Lewin, 56 Percival St., Bexley, N.S.W.

## New Guinea jungle trek

Advancing slowly, tediously through the New Guinea jungle members of an infantry battalion had many hand-to-hand fights with the enemy.

This action is described by Cpl. N. K. McMillan in a letter to his wife at 94 Rawson Ave., Tamworth, N.S.W.

WE trekked forward with many hand-to-hand scraps, at times too terrible to describe, although they will live long in my memory.

"The platoon came to a coconut plantation and halted there. It was over an hour since the last rest, and we just flopped wearily on the soggy ground.

"We stretched our legs slowly and loosened the packs from our shoulders to lean back on them.

"With the weight of the pack gone our muscles suddenly slackened, and a drowsiness started at our ankles and crept over the whole body.

"My leading scout was fired on

that day by a sniper, just grazed his neck. The sniper did not get a second chance, I shot him.

"It was time to move again. The track wound inland. It was a green tunnel walled in by choking undergrowth.

"Grey mud lapped almost to our knees, and each step sounded like a sigh.

"We passed dead Japs, and walked over them or round them, whichever was easier. They might have been rotten logs for all the attention we paid them, except that we had to gag ourselves to avoid the stench.

"There was no sound except for the sobbing of feet in the mud.

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For letter extracts 10/- or 3/- is paid.

"The tracks twisted over mountains and razorbacks, and sloughed through swamps, and pushed through green and yellow kunai grass. No matter where the tracks led we followed.

"When we contacted the enemy we stopped and destroyed him. He was just another more dangerous obstacle across the track. When we had destroyed him we pushed on with more determination than before.

"Mine was the forward section. When we came to a little village the men went swiftly from hut to hut, up to the doors, and inside. Bad luck for any Tojo men who happened to be there.

"The signal to halt and bivouac for the night was sweet music in our ears.

"With tea over we made for our cots until it came our turn to do sentry.

"I looked up to the sky and saw angry clouds pushing sullenly down.

"My mate said, 'More rain and mud to-morrow, Mac.'

"Swearing softly, I did not pay much attention, because I suddenly found myself thinking of clean boots and clothes, and I couldn't think of anything else."

Pte. T. Wilkins, in the Northern Territory, to Miss A. B. Bertram, Prospect, S.A.

"WE were fishing Army fashion, with hand grenades.

"I went in and began picking up the fish, which were strewn over the lagoon.

"While engaged in this absorb-

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R.U.R. owes its success to the common-sense nature of its eliminative and toxic-removing properties. It has achieved many recoveries equally remarkable as that of Mrs. Neumann. It is the only treatment which at the same time contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective. R.U.R. is therefore truly a five-fold treatment, praised by thousands. R.U.R. is bound to do you good. 6/- and 7/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

Take R.U.R. and right you are



AN EMPIRE GROUP. Shown with their plane are left to right, on plane, two R.A.F. pilots, F/O. Chapman and W/O. Shese, and, left to right, standing, W/O. Pincombe (Canada), W/O. Kenny Watts (N.S.W.), F/Lt. Henry Ralph (New Zealand), and W/O. Val Turner (N.S.W.). Photo sent by Mrs. W. Turner, Swan Creek, via Grafton, N.S.W.

ing occupation I heard a splash behind me.

"When I turned round and saw it was only a croc. grabbing one of my fish, I calmly continued gathering my haul.

"Did I say that?

"Well, it's a lie, though, mind you. I wasn't scared—I was petrified.

"I didn't swim to the bank, I ran. I must have, because I was running when I hit the bank, and had gone fifty yards before I could pull up."



WITH CREW. W/O. Dren with his crew in 52 Squadron, R.A.F. Photo sent by Mrs. Major Dren, 11 Russell St., Northcote, Vic.



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# Land girl on Duty

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she uses Pond's Powder  
and Pond's "Lips"

Driving a plough or attending a theatre premiere—she maintains loveliness with those dependable aids to glamour, Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips." Pond's is the powder that stays on like a velvety bloom, gives your face a look of misty softness. Pond's "Lips" gives lovely glowing colour—stays on longer.



Pond's Powder  
Pond's "Lips"



P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.



# Australian brides warmly welcomed in U.S.A.



MRS. EUGENE PACHE, with her five-year-old brother-in-law in the sitting-room of her husband's family home. She was a manicurist in Perth.



MRS. RICHARD DANBY, who married a sailor, tries on a new hat in front of her mother-in-law's mirror. She drove U.S. trucks in Australia, now lives in Idaho.

## New settings are sometimes very different from former homes

Cabled by LINDSAY CLINCH of our New York staff

I have been to visit some of the Australian brides of U.S. servicemen in their new homes here. Some are living with their husbands' families until the boys come home, others have preferred the independence of a separate home.

They are happy and settling down contentedly, but I could see that many adjustments of viewpoint and ways of living have had to be made on both sides. Quite a few brides found themselves in settings very different from their Australian homes.

"I WAS at home the first minute," said Mrs. Jack Blumenkrantz, wife of an American sergeant still serving in New Guinea.

She pulled forward a chair for me to sit down in the all-electric kitchen of the home she shares with her husband's parents while she waits for his return. It is a small apartment above their candy store in a crowded Jewish quarter of New York.

Mrs. Blumenkrantz had the light of happiness shining in her hazel eyes, and her thick, dark hair was caught back with flowers in the current American fashion. She was wearing Mexican jewellery, a gift from her in-laws.

Through the door was the living-room, as neat and clean as the kitchen that dazzled me with its whiteness. There the walls were hung with pictures of the family, with Grandfather Blumenkrantz in an astrakhan hat.

These were taken when the family came from Russia, and even now Momma speaks broken English.

The entire Blumenkrantz family had showered love and affection and presents on their Australian bride.

"No princess could have been better treated," Mrs. Jack told me. "Though I'm the only Christian in the family, I'm just one of them."

Outside in the terrific heat of the street, noisy, dirty children played, fat women sat in doorways gossiping the day away, and the traffic screamed.

"I sometimes long for our house at Hurstville Park, Sydney," the bride said. "It was cool and restful, with lovely lawns at front and back, and the clothes used to be such a good color, hanging in the sun."

In the light-well, the Blumenkrantz washing flapped daintily in and out of neighboring apartment windows.

Mrs. Jack explained that, like all the families in the district, this one used the "wet wash." The washing went away in the morning and came back in the afternoon wet. It took several days to dry on the light-well line and collected plenty of snits in the process.

"I used to housekeep for father when mother died," she told me. "I did our washing and gave everything a good boil. I wish there was a copper here."

But there is much in the American way of life she thoroughly approves—such things as being able to travel anywhere in Manhattan for a nickel (about 3d.). She likes the idea of summer covers zipped up over heavy upholstery, and summer carpets.

Of course, Mrs. Blumenkrantz lost no time in getting some new clothes in New York.

"I had to shorten my own as soon as I arrived," she said. "We wear them much longer than the Americans do. The frocks are marvellously cheap here. This was only nine dollars (about £3)," she said, as she showed me one of her purchases.

Hair styles were lovely, but about American women's glamor in general she was very firm.

"You get the idea from the movies that they are going to be awfully glamorous, but when you get to living here you find they aren't any better groomed or more glamorous than Australian girls," she said.

"I think Australian women could take a leaf out of the American book, however, and keep themselves younger."

Her mother-in-law came in then with something for us to drink. She wore a red ribbon in her hair, and a frock as short as the bride's.

She said everyone loved the bride, and they all called her "Princess." She would never want. The candy store had never been a gold mine, but it had kept them in reasonable comfort, and would keep her, too, if that were necessary.

Mrs. Jack, indeed, looked a princess with her fair skin against the swarther complexion, her bearing of easy confidence, and her Australian drawl.

As I walked away from the candy



MRS. HARRY PENSO, formerly Viola Booth, of Essendon, Vic., who is living with her husband's family in The Bronx in New York.

store I stopped to buy an evening paper, but the stalls didn't carry any in English. They were in Yiddish, in Italian, or in Polish.

Another bride I met hadn't been so lucky. Her in-laws weren't unkind, but were "the corniest people I ever met," she said.

That was how she described the hillbills she found herself amongst. She told me her husband's grand-mother smoked a corn-cob pipe and wore a shapeless print dress touching the ground all round.

It was difficult for them to understand her, and she couldn't get the hang of what they were saying.

Their lives were bare and rough, with no comforts, no link with the world she knew.

She packed her bags, moved to the nearest big town, and took a job.

Luckier was Mrs. Eugene Pache, who was Audrey Jones, a Perth manicurist. Her husband was a submarine petty-officer, and she



MARINE CAPTAIN THOMAS J. O'MAHONEY on a Californian beach with his Australian bride, who was Miss Marie Stable, of Melbourne. She was attending Melbourne University when they met.

found life in America as streamlined as anything on the films.

Her mother-in-law had everything ready for her arrival. Everyone entertained her, the local papers ran columns about her arrival.

At Buffalo Audrey rides and swims, belongs to country clubs, drives her own car, is happier than she ever could have hoped to be.

"But we feel sorry for many Australian girls," Mrs. Pache, senior, told me. "For they are going to be terribly disillusioned if they expect everyone in America to be living in luxury as depicted by Hollywood."

## Melting-pot

"MANY will find themselves in as strange and foreign surroundings as any they'd get in Europe. America is such a melting-pot."

Mrs. Anthony Tecan, whose husband is a military policeman in New Guinea, is delighted with New York, and baby Carol, just a year old, is thriving.

Living in Brooklyn in the community where her husband was born and raised isn't quite as easy as living in Brisbane, where she came

from, but her parents-in-law are very kind.

She hopes soon to take a place a little farther out of town.

Mrs. Charles Scott, formerly Dawn Rigby, has found herself an apartment, a job, and a "lovely American girl friend" in New York.

She's a statistical typist in a lawyer's office, and says, "If only Chic would get back life would be grand."

Mrs. Scott doesn't think American girls do nearly enough with their time.

She knitted her friend a sweater, and the beautiful pattern thrilled and amazed Americans as much as the speed with which she finished it.

"Everyone in New York seems to buy cheap things and throw them away," she said. "When I split iodine on a frock they said 'Heave it out,' but I cleaned it myself and am still wearing it."

Mrs. Harry Penso, who was Viola Booth, of Essendon, Victoria, is living in The Bronx with Harry's family and learning to live like them.

The Pensos are Spanish Jews, and a very big family. They stick together, and have few friends outside their immediate relatives.

"They're affectionate and easy going. I like them very much," Mrs. Harry told me. But she finds the highly seasoned Spanish food they eat difficult to get used to, and in order to talk to the old grandmother she is learning Spanish.

Viola found life strange at first. The Pensos womenfolk spend all Friday preparing an enormous feast to which relatives come from near and far.

Sometimes as many as fifty cousins come.

Nineteen-year-old Mrs. Penso, who is a natural blonde, and blue-eyed, is expecting her first baby at Christmas time.

Her baby will be born in an Army hospital, where she'll have the best attention free. She spoke highly of the medical services.

Mrs. G. T. Smith, who was a phone girl, has had one slight setback.

She can't get a job because of her accent, but she said: "I love the country. Everybody spoils me."

Mrs. Thomas Young Corner summed up the settling-in process when she said: "Their customs and manners here are very like our own. That's why we all get along so well together." She has already lived in 11 States, so I feel she has met the American people, and should know.

(Story and pictures of British brides' arrival on pages 20-21.)



SGT. JEAN BYERS, wife Una, and baby Michael arriving at his parents' farm. Jean met Una in Queensland.



MISS DOROTHY STUDD, of Sydney, and her fiancé's mother, Mrs. Prouty, at Springfield, Mass. Capt. Prouty left for Italy just before her arrival.

—Pictures from Life Magazine.



## Editorial

OCTOBER 14, 1944.

### NEW SCHEME IN BRITAIN

DISCUSSION is raging in Great Britain concerning the Government's new social security plan.

The benefits under the scheme are designed to give everyone at least a bare subsistence "from the cradle to the grave."

Already strong rumblings of criticism have been heard.

From the right, insurance companies and friendly societies declare that they can deal with the situation better than any Government scheme.

From the left, one hears complaints that the child and maternity allowances are too small.

Payments to unemployed people will last for 30 weeks.

Who is to say, the more pessimistic critics inquire, that unemployment after the war will be limited to 30 weeks?

The new plan will only stave off actual want.

If a man and his wife wanted to provide for a rainy day with any idea of maintaining their standard of living they would still be forced to do it by individual saving.

Apart from this, everyone will have to make a regular contribution to the Government fund.

The British scheme thus lays an obligation on the individual to make a sacrifice, by contrast with the Australian benefit payments, which reach the public direct from revenue.

It is open to argument which system will prove the better in the long run.

But the time has arrived when the Commonwealth should reorganise its partial and piecemeal scale of benefits into a more complete and comprehensive scheme.

The British Government is doing only justice in making greater provision for its people, who have proved their courage and their dignity so wonderfully during the ordeal of war.

## Staff of war-scarred officers will come with Duke

Cabled by MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff.

WHEN the Duke of Gloucester takes up his appointment as Governor-General of Australia at the end of the year he will bring with him a personal escort of four staff officers whom Australians will be proud to greet.

Each of them is a war-scarred veteran of Britain's battles. Their wounds have disqualified them for further front-line service and relegated them to a job which, as fighters, they would have preferred in wartime to leave to others.

Each of them has lost a limb or the use of a limb.

Chief of Staff Brigadier Derek S. Schreiber, N.V.O., and Comptroller Lieut.-Commander A. W. P. Robertson, R.N., have "gummy" legs. Major Michael B. C. Hawkins lost his left arm from the shoulder, and Captain A. A. D. Ramsay lost his right leg.

The Duchess of Gloucester will be accompanied by two ladies-in-waiting, Viscountess Clive, whose husband, fighter-pilot Squadron Leader Lord Clive, was recently shot down and killed, and A.T.S. Junior Commander Eileen Phipps, both of whom are entitled to be treated as veterans of the war.

It is a staff to be proud of. But Australians needn't expect to be welcoming lame ducks.

These veterans of victory don't carry their hearts on their sleeves. They carry on their jobs as though nothing out of the way had ever happened to them.

Don't let anyone tell you A.D.C.s don't work.

The main burden of planning and organising of transport of the Royal Naval Household 12,000 miles across the globe is being done by this group of Staff-Officers, who are working full out as the sailing date draws near.

The Duke expects to be in Australia by the end of the year.

It is on Brigadier Schreiber's broad shoulders that the organising responsibility falls.

Six feet four in his socks, Schreiber is an Eleventh Hussar, and a close friend of the Duke of Gloucester. He accompanied him during his 1934 tour of Australia, and was his Military Secretary on his 1942 Indian tour.

He is a partner in one of the biggest city stockbroking firms, and director of other well-known companies.

Brig. Schreiber commanded the 50th Indian Tank Brigade last year when it was engaged on special work.

He also participated in the Burma campaign, but was invalided home to Britain after injuries to his legs.

Brig. Schreiber, who is a keen aviator, will be responsible as Chief of Staff for obtaining the private fleet of aircraft which the Duke proposes to take with him to Australia in order to speed up travel and en-



### VISCOUNTESS CLIVE

VISCOUNTESS CLIVE, one of the two ladies-in-waiting who will accompany the Duchess of Gloucester to Australia, was considered the loveliest debutante of the season when she made her bow in 1934.

She wears her hair in smooth curls framing her heart-shaped face. She has large blue eyes that twinkle with fun, and the sort of milk-and-roses complexion which every English girl is supposed to have, but is not often seen.

What Australians will like most about her is her completely easy and charming manner. She is slim, of medium height, and has a soft, low-pitched speaking voice. When interviewed, she said her six-year-old daughter Davina is even more excited about the trip to Australia than she is.

Davina, who is a Baroness in her own right, is the only child who will accompany the party, apart from the two children of the Duke and Duchess. A governess will look after her.

Lady Clive has known the Duchess for a long time, but was surprised and delighted when asked to join the Vice-Regal party.

Since her appointment as lady-in-waiting, Lady Clive has been reading every book about Australia that she can buy or borrow.

Sport-loving Australians will find she is good at tennis and swimming, and she is looking forward to getting some riding, as the Duchess is a keen horsewoman.

able him to obtain a wider and more intimate knowledge of the country than any Governor before.

Schreiber himself has owned a Gipsy Moth, Puss Moth, Hornet Moth, and Percival Vega Gull, and is an expert pilot.

He flew in the King's Cup Air Race in 1929, 1932, 1936, and held fourth and sixth places on two occasions.

It is expected that the Duke will have an R.A.A.F. crew to man the larger transport plane he is taking, but Schreiber will probably pilot the smaller runabouts.

Last time Brig. Schreiber was in Australia he played fast polo games

(his handicap was five) at Adelaide and Melbourne. He met the Ashton brothers on the polo field.

Every morning when in Sydney he used to go to Bondi before breakfast for an early morning plunge. He doubts whether he will get much chance this time.

But it is typical of all the members of the staff that Brigadier Schreiber is taking his skis with him, also his squash rackets. Both Robertson and Hawkins are also keen squash players.

It is fitting that it should be a member of the Royal Navy who is Comptroller of the Household, therefore virtually "Skipper" of the convoy which will sail shortly—at least so far as the practical household arrangements are concerned.

Lieut.-Commander Robertson, who is a typical broad-browed, firm-jawed, blue-eyed sailor, is at present deluged with unfinished problems connected with the preparations for the voyage.

Board of Trade rules governing purchase of clothes and materials are enforced for the Gloucesters household as they are for anyone else, though special additional coupons have been granted.

But each coupon needs to be accounted for.

The Duke and Duchess have economised on luggage and furniture as far as possible. Many of their treasured household goods and belongings which they had been hoping to take will have to be left behind.

But even so there will still be a substantial "cargo" to take. Robertson is the only member of the staff with any detailed knowledge of Australia.

He was on Lord Huntingfield's staff from 1935 to 1939, and spent six months in Canberra when Lord Huntingfield was acting as Governor-General.

Lt.-Commander Robertson, who lost the use of his leg while on active service in China in 1932, during the time when the Japs attacked Shanghai was a first-class cricketer in his early days.

Hans Ebeling, Don Bradman, and Ernie McCormick will remember him from his previous stay in Australia. He used to play Bradman deck quoits in Melbourne.

Says: "I never won. Bradman is as great a master of quoits as he is a batsman."

Robertson is also an expert ornithologist, and used to go out to the Dandenong Range with Melbourne ornithologists to watch for lyre birds and bell birds.

The younger male members of the entourage are Major M. B. C. Hawkins and Capt. A. A. D. Ramsay.

Hawkins, who lost an arm at the battle of Knightsbridge, in the Middle East, is a member of the Duke's own regiment, the 10th Royal Hussars. For six months he was aide-de-camp to General Alexander.

He is a wiry, lean young man with brown wavy hair, grey-green eyes, and a smiling mouth. He is a nephew of the Duchess of Gloucester, and looks extraordinarily like her.

While he was with Alexander, he was responsible for looking after the General's six horses, which he and Alexander's Australian A.D.C., Sir Rupert Clarke, used to exercise.

Clarke has given Hawkins a clear, concise picture of the Far East, set-up, particularly so far as Australia's position in the Pacific War is concerned.

"So long as Clarke is at Alexander's headquarters there is no question of the Australian viewpoint being forgotten," he says.

Captain Ramsay, who is the son of Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Ramsay (Princess Pat, daughter of the King's great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught), was wounded in North Africa, near Medjez.

He was up in a forward position with the Guards Regiment when tanks attacked and a German anti-tank gun, firing at advancing juggernauts, missed the tank and struck him, tearing off a leg.

Tall, thin, quiet, Ramsay has established a reputation for taciturnity which is a byword through the Grenadiers.

If ever he is pulled up by a senior officer and queried about something on which he is unwilling to give himself or a friend away, he is known for his monosyllabic response "Sir."

In the Grenadiers, to reply to a question by giving a peculiar inflexion to the word "Sir" is now known as "giving a Ramsay."

## Interesting People

LT.-GENERAL F. E. MORGAN  
... D-Day planner

PLANNER of Allied invasion of France, British soldier Lt.-General Frederick E. Morgan has been made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Worked intensively for three years on D-Day plan, which was accepted practically unchanged, and has made history as supreme example of military art.

Lt.-General Morgan heads British and U.S. Planning Staff which decided when, how, and where of Allied landings in Normandy.



QUEEN WILHELMINA  
... Order of Garter

RECENT investment of Queen Wilhelmina of Netherlands with Order of the Garter has conferred on her one of world's rarest distinctions.

Only two other women entitled to wear the Garter are Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. Britain's most illustrious and oldest order of knighthood, it is symbolic of chivalry and courage. Wilhelmina is first foreign Queen on whom it has been conferred.



W/CDR J. R. RATTEN  
... R.A.A.F. in England

ONE of Australia's best-known fighter pilots, Wing-Commander J. R. Ratten, D.F.C., of Tasmania, was recently appointed to important ground post as Commanding Officer, R.A.A.F. Reception and Despatch Centre in England. Has charge of arrival of all Australian airmen in England, and those returning after tours. Crack Spitfire pilot, he was first Empire Air Scheme trainee to command fighter wing. Also commanded R.A.F. station in Scotland.

W/CDR J. R. RATTEN



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



## Animal Antics



"Run down to the cellar and bring up some brandy, son. We're having company!"

## Radio Favorite in book

Maurice Francis, author-producer of "First Light Fraser," which is heard from 2GB every Monday to Thursday at 7.15 p.m., has written a novel of the same name.

THE book will be published early in November, and the publishers have asked Mr. Francis to write another immediately.

\* They believe that he has created a fictional character which rivals "The Saint" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and expect that there will be a demand for a series of books.

First Light Fraser and his partner, Kay Lawrence, will represent the part played by the British Secret Service.

The novel, an entirely separate story from the broadcast series, tells the story of the rebellion in Rumania and the winning over of the Rumanians to the Allied side.

Information was gathered from semi-official files.

Mr. Francis dictated the whole of the book to a special stenographer. On some days he dictated as many as 20,000 words, leaving him so hoarse that he had nothing to say for a day or two.

On the cover will be shown the author's conception of Fraser's appearance, which will be of interest to listeners. The book will tell, too, how Fraser acquired his name of "First Light," and of his background before the war.

Francis originated the character, and the adventure serial was well established with the listening public when he joined the A.I.P.

After his release he returned to the job, and since then has written the script and produced the serial.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.  
THURSDAY, Oct. 12 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."  
FRIDAY, Oct. 13: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."  
SATURDAY, Oct. 14: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition," "Melody Four-some."  
SUNDAY, Oct. 15 (4.15 to 5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."  
MONDAY, Oct. 16: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Days."  
TUESDAY, Oct. 17: "Reading Menu."

# Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, finds that LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has become a celebrity. Since he defeated the Champ in a wrestling match, Mandrake and Princess Narda notice that Lothar is fêted and flattered by everyone, and given many presents.

SHARPY: Lothar's manager, is delighted at the fuss, which increases when Lothar routs two thugs who attack a man. Sharpy is so anxious about his protégé that he calls a doctor when Lothar merely stubs his toe. He says, too, that Lothar must have a big house and suitable clothes. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



# JOYOUS REUNIONS WITH BRITISH BRIDES



DEVON GIRL Mrs. G. R. Thaler, with Angela, adopted war-orphan, meets her leading-seaman husband.



SCOTSGIRL Mrs. Percy Devlin, wife of a Forestry Unit sergeant, and son, Jim, sampling his first Australian apple.



GREAT-AUNT Mrs. J. Johnson, woman, met Ishbel Richards and

## Australian husbands see their wives and children after long parting

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"Darling, here I am!"

The good-looking young petty-officer rushed across the wharf, waving wildly to the slim, pretty blonde in green leaning over the after-deck rail.

"How long will you be?"

"No longer than I can help, darling," she called back.

And so the first British "bride ship" of this war came in.

AMONG the thirty-five Scots and English girls and fourteen children were sailors' wives who had been married only a few days before their Australian husbands sailed again; soldiers' wives who had not seen their husbands for four years; toddlers who were to meet their fathers for the first time; a few wives who had been through six weeks of robot-bombing in London; and one bride whose sailor husband had had to go away with his ship the day before his bride arrived.

While they talked on the wharf, the wives kept turning their heads anxiously to watch the entrance for their husbands.

Wives who had to travel on to other States to meet their husbands watched these reunions enviously.

And what reunions! We rarely see such warm embraces.

You'd hear a tense "There he is" beside you, and one of the wives would run unsteadily across the uneven planks of the wharf to fling herself into the arms of her husband.

After that first long, oblivious-to-the-world kiss, they stood hand in hand just looking at each other, or a husband lent his wife his handkerchief for her tears.

"Isn't she wonderful?" said one young sailor, gazing at his wife.

Another sailor called his wife by her married name several times.

"Just to get used to it," he explained, because they had been married only a few days when he had to leave her.

But mostly they walked away together to the edge of the crowd, and just stood holding hands and looking.

You gauged from their quietness something of the strain and anxiety they had endured in the years of waiting.

Most of the brides have brought their trousseaus and wedding presents with them. A few, to whom Customs difficulties had been exaggerated, left their household possessions at home.

The majority were wearing frocks and hats bought in England.

And very smart they looked, too. There was nothing of the war-weary veteran about any of them.

All of them were looking their best to greet the first sight of their husbands' country.

Some wore suits, others travelling-coats over light frocks. Two Scots-girls looked lovely in summer frocks—green and white print, and bright crimson—with white summer hats.

"Most of us were up at 4.30 a.m.," one of them said. "It was wonderful to see the lights of an Australian city after all the weeks at sea."

The Black family made a colorful spot on the gangway. Dorothy, aged



FIRESIDE CHAT for P.O. had been married and

J. and Kathleen, aged 43, wore frocks of red tartan.

Mrs. Black, who was married to Cpl. K. C. Black, in Colchester, was met by her husband, whom she had not seen for nearly four years.

The little family made a happy, rather dazed little group, while the corporal kissed his wife and two daughters for himself and then for a battery of cameras.

Blonde-haired, slender little Mrs. L. M. Barris, of Glasgow, wore gay green shoes with her checked green tweed suit. She was probably the most calm and composed of all the wives when she first arrived.

But when Petty-Officer Barrie shouldered his way through the crowd to fling his arms round her, Mrs. Barrie's composure crumpled, and she hid her tears behind two-year-old Joyce Barrie's blonde curls.

Joyce was only fourteen days old when her father left Scotland, and

her mother said later in the shed that her husband "took over" Joyce's curly hair.

"He was a good patient, a tried him," said Mrs. R. M. a fine, big Scotsgirl, who was her hospital patient in

Mrs. Jones is going to Western Australia. She had her wedding presents with an album of photographs of her family—her parents, her two in the R.A.F., and sister W.A.A.F.

"We've been able to let a lot about Australia," she said, "because the Australian presented us with a big book on Australia to read way here."

Another nurse, Mrs. I. met her husband, a



TARTAN frocks for Dorothy and Kathleen Black, whose father, Cpl. K. C. Black, A.I.F., met their mother in Colchester.



HAPPY GROUP of wives and children awaiting departure from the wharf. They all received gifts from various organisations which welcomed them on arrival.



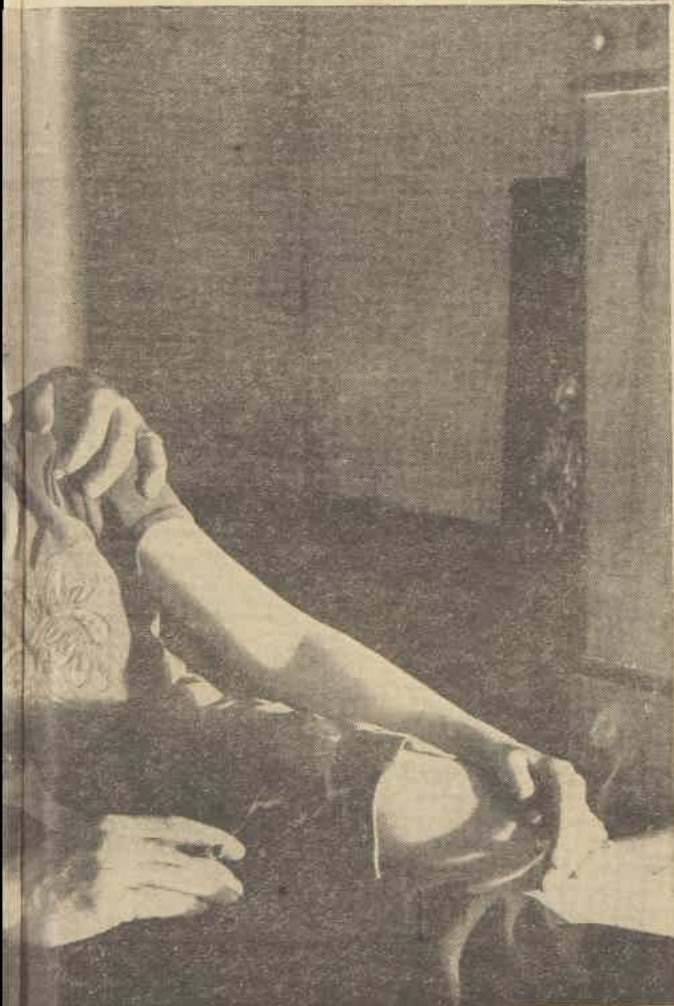
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FAMILY REUNION for A/B. R. A. Scull, his wife and five-year-old child.



WASHING UP after their first lunch together in four years, Sgt. J. W. Prince and his English bride.



P.O. B. N. V. Clarke and his bride, Nan. They only nine and a half days when he sailed.

they will make their home in Bussellton, W.A.

A charming Scotswoman, Mrs. M. P. Lane, whose husband, W/O. Lane, of the R.A.A.P., was there to meet her and her fourteen-year-old daughter, Norma, praised the arrangements made for them by the Australian authorities.

"The Australian Government did us proud," she said. "We stayed in one of the best hotels. None of us could have afforded to stay there if we had been paying for it ourselves. The officials who have looked after us could not have been kinder."

Norma is looking forward to life in Australia because she is a keen swimmer. They will live in South Yarra, Victoria.

Petty-Officer B. N. V. Clarke, formerly of the Moreton Bay, and his mate asked advice about their train at Newcastle-on-Tyne station, from two pretty girls going home from work.

The advice was wrong, but Petty-Officer Clarke rang one of the girls up a few days later.

In a few weeks they were married, and nine and a half days later P.O. Clarke sailed in the Norman.

Nan, his pretty blonde wife, was manageress of a delicatessen department.

Their meeting on the wharf ended three and a half years' separation. They will make their home in Sydney, and there were ten airtrips from her family waiting for Nan at her new home.

When Sgt. J. W. Prince, a cook with an A.I.F. engineers' unit, was in hospital in Bath he met a local girl who spent some of her spare time as a hospital visitor. In fifteen weeks they were married.

Mrs. Prince had been a filing clerk in a well-known English firm, Marks and Spencer, for 14 years, but when the blitz began she became a billeting officer for evacuees.

When she arrived here, Mrs. Prince was wearing a silver souvenir necklace her husband sent her from the Middle East. "I've worn it ever since my husband left England," she said.

He has been preparing for months for his wife's arrival. She had brought her wedding presents and most of her trousseau, but had been able to bring only one pair of shoes.

"That's all right, I've got two pairs," said the Sergeant, and when his wife told him rather wistfully she had had to leave behind a dinner set, he announced proudly he had got one here.

Sgt. Prince was a shearer's cook before the war, but now he is a married man does not intend to return to this after the war.

"It was wonderful to get on the ship and feel safe and quiet," said Mrs. W. J. Saunders. "We never thought of submariners, and our children were able to get their proper sleep."

Mrs. Saunders lived in central London, not far from Australia House, and endured six weeks of robot-bombing before she sailed. Her three-year-old child slept at night,



WESTERN AUSTRALIAN Cpl. Richard Jones watches his Scots wife do her hair.

time, but, she said, it was hopeless to try to get her to sleep in the daytime.

Mrs. Saunders is married to a field ambulance driver, and will make her home in Croydon, South Australia.

When Mrs. Joan Elliott arrived she had no idea when she would see her husband, A/B. Talbot F. H. Elliott.

But less than three hours before she was due to catch her train to Melbourne, he arrived by plane, and he travelled back to Melbourne with her.

A penfriendship with a lonely Aussie Digger in hospital in Surrey led to the marriage of pretty Miss Annie Glass, of Edinburgh, and Pte. William Stirling, of Nambour, Queensland.

"One of my friends asked me one day to write to an Aussie who had been wounded in the blitz and was in a Surrey hospital," Mrs. Stirling, who was then a ledger bookkeeper, said.

"That began a correspondence which ended in a proposal by letter and our marriage two months later."

During the past four years, British war-brides of Australian servicemen have been Australia's most enthusiastic propagandists, according to this Scottish bride.

"We've talked nothing but Australia and Australians to our families, friends, or strangers."

"Most of the brides never failed,

come blitzes or robot bombs, to listen to the News Letter broadcast from Australia every Tuesday night," Mrs. Stirling said.

Mrs. Stirling was eagerly looking forward to meeting her mother-in-law and her five sisters-in-law.

"We've exchanged letters and parcels and I feel I know them all personally."

"We're terribly grateful for the help given us by your Australian Government, or should I say now, our Australian Government."

"I still find it incredible to believe that from the time I shut the front door in Edinburgh until I arrive in Nambour I will have had no worries, financial or otherwise, to contend with."

"I don't mind telling you that I and a lot of the other brides wept when, in addition to all this, we found amongst other gifts awaiting us at the ship's dock in Sydney a cheque for one guinea and a warm-hearted letter of welcome from the Returned Soldiers and Sailors' League."

Five girls from the Repatriation Department—Mrs. F. W. Baker, Misses Y. Selman, J. Cassidy, J. Goddard, and E. Pender—were detailed to help the mothers with their children and make them feel at home.

The husbands whose wives came on the ship include 24 A.I.F., 8 R.A.N., and 3 R.A.A.P. members. Sixteen of them have been discharged, and 19 are still serving.

231st Battalion, since discharged, when both she and he were on leave in Edinburgh.

They were married in six weeks, and will celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary this week. They had only three months together before he left England.

Mrs. Harvey completed her nursing training, and just before she sailed was nursing wounded from Normandy at a hospital in Portsmouth. There was a tumultuous welcome for pretty little Mrs. G. H. Thaler, of Devon, from her husband, a leading seaman in the R.A.N.

They had been married only two days when he left for sea again, and it is three and a half years since their parting.

Mrs. Thaler brought with her an adopted daughter, eighteen-month-old Angela, whose parents, close

friends of Mrs. Thaler, were killed in the blitz when Angela was five weeks old.

Mrs. Thaler will make her home in West Ipswich, Queensland, and spent a week in Sydney with her husband before going north.

Mrs. Percy Devlin met her husband, a member of the Forestry Unit, at Thorne Hill. She was a schoolteacher, and had gone there with a party of evacuated school-children from Glasgow. They have a small son, Jim.

There was a "home" voice to welcome Mrs. Richards, a Scotswoman, and her fifteen-month-old daughter Isabel. They were met by Mrs. J. Johnston, Mrs. Richards' great-aunt, who came out to Australia from Scotland 18 years ago and still retains her warm Scotch accent.

Mrs. Richards married Sapper T. H. Richards, of the Forestry Unit, who has since been discharged, and



## Nurses prefer gentlemen

I HAVE overheard several women lately passing caustic comment about nurses' supposed preference for nursing male rather than female patients.

I don't know of any widespread preference, but, speaking personally, I can say that men patients are twice as considerate to the nurse as women.

The men are usually too independent to allow a nurse to do more work than is absolutely necessary, whereas a woman patient will have the tired and over-worked nurse fussing round her and attending to her every whim.

The only women patients who do not fall into this category are usually mothers of large families.

So-called sex-appeal does not enter into this preference for male patients.

A nurse doesn't particularly care whether she is tending male or female patients, she is just a little grateful to the patient who shows some appreciation of her work.

And that patient is usually a man.

—Nurse.

## Living memorials

I HOPE the end of the war will not mean a mushroom growth of war memorials, costly and often unsightly.

Our gratitude to the dead for our war years of security is immeasurable, but let the money we offer to commemorate their sacrifice be put to better use.

Their children need care, education, and playing areas. Their parents need comfort and security in their old age. They died believing those of us remaining would fulfil our obligations. Let us not betray their trust.

—Miss E. Walker.

The Outlook, Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

## Extra expenses

MANY men seem to think their responsibility toward the household when they have paid over the weekly housekeeping allowance.

Most men can save something out of the amount they retain. The wife is often unable to do this if there are children.

When unexpected expenses crop up, such as doctor's bills or visitors



staying in the home, much friction could be avoided if the man were prepared to help his partner over a difficult financial situation instead of expecting her to provide for every contingency out of a fixed sum.

—Mrs. Gloria Spraggins.  
135 Bland St., Haberfield.

## Correct speech

AUSTRALIANS would not be the worst speakers in the world, as they are often said to be, if parents, with a little patience and effort, endeavored to correct mistakes in their children's speech and pronunciation.

Some of us parents would have to take a few elocution lessons ourselves first. But it is time something was done to discourage Australians saying "dye" for "day," "goodboy" for "good-bye," and "Austrilian" for "Australian."

And the best time to begin is from cradle days upwards.

—Mrs. H. Irvine.  
Purthminster Flats, Ramsgate Ave., Bondi.

# What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Babies or bank balance

ALL this talk of restricting the size of the family because of economic reasons is just confusing the issue.

While advocating adequate child endowment and help for mothers, I think that most young people confuse economic security with other things.

The things one really needs to rear a family are a decent home (not elaborate), good health, unselfishness, and, above all, a good sense of humor.

I find that most people who decide to marry, but not start a family till they have a fine home and decent bank balance, rarely have a family.

They just can't face a future with less money and less time for pleasure.

It is this selfish striving after pleasure by modern young people that is aggravating our falling birthrate, not fear of economic insecurity.

—Margaret O'Sullivan.  
33 Crier St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

## Danger overhead

WE often read in the Press of children being electrocuted by playing with broken overhead wires in the street.

To my knowledge, however, few parents or schoolteachers instruct children on the dangers of electricity, especially of those wires which are apt to fall at any time.

It may seem a small matter, but I know of at least two cases in which tragedies might have been averted if the youngsters concerned had been warned.

—Soldier Reader.

## Job for women

I THINK the time has come when women should have more say in their country's affairs.

Men simply don't understand the woman's viewpoint on such matters as housing and rationing of clothes and house-linen.

Mum's place nowadays is studying the welfare of the country.

—Mrs. V. H. Blackwell.  
Nar-Nar-Goon, Gippsland, Vic.

## Gratitude

I WAS lying in hospital wanly staring out of the window. The other patients in my ward had visitors, for they were in their home town. There was no one here to bring me flowers or little delicacies, and no familiar faces.

Then I turned and saw a lady smilingly approaching.

She greeted me, chatted away, and gave me some cigarettes and newspaper, and asked if I needed anything else.

When she left I felt much cheered. I, too, had had a visitor.

I hadn't really thought about the many things Red Cross workers like this one, and Y.W.C.A. people, too, do for servicemen and servicewomen. There are hundreds being cheered like me, and this is my little word of appreciation.

—Waaaf.

## Brains of to-morrow

SERVICEMEN'S children on reaching the age of 16 years receive no further support from the Government.

This means in most cases that the child must leave school and obtain a job, or else the mother must support him till his education is finally completed.

In the business world of to-day the boy or girl with a Leaving Certificate has a much greater chance of success. Yet how many children have passed the Leaving by the time they are 16 years of age? Very few indeed!

The well-educated boy of to-day is the brains of to-morrow, and something should be done to assist parents to educate their children. If not to University standard at least to Leaving Certificate standard.

—Soldier's Son.  
Strathfield, N.S.W.

## Country homes

I THINK that more attention should be paid to farm home-steads.

Too often are these uncomfortable and inconvenient. On most farms the womenfolk have to assist with milking and do other outside work, so surely deserve the comfort of a modern home.

Post-war reconstruction work should extend electricity into most rural areas. This is one of many things that would help the overburdened farmer's wife.

—Jean V. Canham.  
Kangaroo, via Bowral, N.S.W.

## Dental creche

DURING a recent visit to Latrobe I was greatly impressed by the service which one dentist supplies free to mothers who have to bring their children along with them to the dentist's room.

While mother is having her teeth



attended to, a girl assistant minds the baby in another room. Older children find the room stocked with toys to keep them happy and amused.

It is perhaps a small service, but one for which mothers are tremendously grateful.

—Mrs. Harry Lott.  
"Fair View," Egg Lagoon, King Is.

## Make them

A CORRESPONDENT recently suggested that shirt manufacturers should make waistband shirts for working men.

But why wait for the manufacturers to make them? Why not borrow a waistband shirt, as I did, and cut a pattern from it myself.

Buying good material, not the inferior type used in most of the highly priced, ready-made shirts these days, I made several good waistband shirts for my husband.

—Mrs. J. R. Nowland.  
Miskin St., Toowoong, Qld.

As usual, Mrs. 'Obbs has the last word silencing even the garrulous Mrs. Jeffries. Their eternal bickering provides many high-lights in this comedy session.

**"Mrs. 'Obbs"**

MON. TO THURS. AT 7.30 P.M. **2GB**

**"LEARN A TUNE"**

Your repertoire of song hits will grow steadily... as you listen in to this novel session.

**2GB MON. & WED. 7.45 P.M.**

## Film Reviews

### ★ ★ THE FIGHTING SEABEES

IN theme, Republic's tale of the U.S. Navy's construction battalions is a fascinating one, and the production is capably handled. Unfortunately, the story is loosely knit, and many enthralling sequences of the men at work are counteracted by others that are packed with inconsistencies.

Too much time is wasted on the all-too-familiar, but apparently inevitable, triangle—this time formed by John Wayne, Susan Hayward, and Dennis O'Keefe.

Wayne does well as the head of a construction battalion, who, with the help of O'Keefe, fights Navy officials for permission to arm his men, thus enabling them to fight off Jap attacks.

Susan Hayward's inept acting and delicate prettiness make her utterly incongruous for the role of newspaper correspondent assigned to Australia.

Best sequence of the film is the Jap attack, during which the outnumbered Americans manage to save the supply depot.—Lyceum; showing.

### ★ WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

THIS Monogram drama is a timely and extremely necessary film dealing with the ever-growing problem of juvenile delinquency.

The story attempts to explain frankly why crime and recklessness are increasing among the young people, but although the idea is a good one—and one of vital importance—the film has obviously been made on a small budget, and through poor production and an indifferent script loses much of its real value, and slips into a trite romance.

Gale Storm, an attractive young



LANA TURNER, photographed on the MGM set of "Marriage is a Private Affair" the story of a wartime bride. Lana's visitor is former actor Dan Dailey, who played one of his first screen roles with Lana in "Ziegfeld Girl." Now he is in a cavalry unit of the U.S. Army, and his wife, Elizabeth Dailey, is appearing with Lana in a supporting role.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

thing with dramatic possibilities, gets her biggest role to date in this film, and does as well as possible with the poor material.

That dependable young actor, Jackie Cooper, is good, but Patricia Morison is stiff and unconvincing as the juvenile probation officer. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

INSTEAD of condoling with Soupy Sales over a three-day bout of intestinal flu, Paramount were delighted that he had lost nine pounds, and have instructed him to remain at that weight.

AFTER an argument at Ann Rutherford's party, a separation between newlyweds Susan Hayward and Jess Barker was anticipated, but they are now reconciled, and have announced that they expect a baby next April.

CLARK GABLE has completed his special combat film for the Government, and has left for Washington with the finished print.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 189-194 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

**M**OST important day of this week, Saturday, October 14, should bring in its wake general good fortune for Virgoans, Librans, Aquarians, and Leonians.

The morning hours of this day are especially favorable.

Arians, Cancerians, and Capricornians should be guarded in their actions throughout the coming week if they wish to avoid difficulties and upsets.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:—

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Beware of changes, discord, opposition, partings just now, especially October 10 (early) and October 15, 16, and 17.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): October 14 can be helpful and pleasing, especially between noon and mid-evening.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): A good week. Plan wisely, work well. October 10 (late evening), October 11 (forenoon to dusk), October 12 (after 4 p.m.), all helpful. October 13 (except noon to 2 p.m.) very good, and October 17 (early and late) better still. Seek progress.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Be guarded. Difficult days for Cancerians, especially October 10 (forenoon), October 11 (late), October 13, October 14 (early), October 15, 16, and 17. Routine best just now. Avoid changes.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 24): Court opportunities this week; moderate success and gains possible. October 10 (evening), October 11 (forenoon to dusk), October 14 (noon to 2 p.m.), October 15 (to noon), October 16 (round sunset), and October 17 (forenoon and late evening) all helpful.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Past good work or present surprise elements can bring pleasing conditions on October 14 and 15 (to forenoon) or October 17 (forenoon and late evening).

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Keep busy this week; momentary changes or ventures possible. October 10 (forenoon) poor, but late evening very fair. October 11 (noon to dusk) good. October 12 (forenoon to dusk) good. October 14 (afternoon and evening) good. October 15 (to noon) good. October 16 (round sunset) good. October 17 (especially forenoon and late evening) good.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): October 12, 14 (noon to 9 p.m.), and 17 (forenoon and late evening) mildly helpful.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Moderately helpful indications in your affairs on October 10 (late evening), October 11 (forenoon to dusk), October 12 (to sunset), October 14 (after sunset), and October 17 (forenoon).

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Beware misadventures, impatience, and obstacles, especially October 10 (early), and October 13 (after 4 p.m.), October 15 and 17. October 13 (evening) poor.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Utilize October 14 (noon onward) and October 15 (to noon). October 16 (afternoon) poor; sunset hours best. October 17 (especially forenoon and late evening) good. Progress, desired changes, general well-being possible now.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Plan ahead for better times. Meanwhile, live rather cautiously on October 13, 14, and 15. Other days this week are mildly helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"His eye looks exactly like Clark Gable's."



## Needlework Notions...

### SUNHAT AND BAG

This set comes to you with the pattern traced on (hette in lemon, green, pink, or blue, also white; ready to cut and sew.

The hat features a small, open-top crown, and large brim with contrasting edge in white. Handing is large enough for beach wearing, and not too large for town use; trimmed with an applique motif for working. Set complete, 7/11 (3 coupons), plus 5/6d. postage. Please ask for No. 521.

### CHILD'S SLIP

Pattern is clearly traced on the material, all ready to cut out and machine. This dainty little slip for summer may be had in rayon, crepe-de-chine—a hard-wearing material in pastel pink, blue, also white.

Note heart-shaped neckline, panel skirt. Dainty lace edge is shown for neck and armholes. Lace, however, is not supplied. Size 2 to 4 years, 9/11 (4 coupons); size 4 to 6 years, 11/6 (4 coupons). Plus 5/6d. postage. Please ask for No. 522.



**F6822**—Most attractively designed frock for afternoon and evening occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F6515**—Smartly styled contrast suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. wide plaid and 1½yds. 54in. wide plain. Pattern, 1/7.

**F3408**—Snappy pinafore to fit sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7. Please note that blouse pattern is not supplied.

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name, address, and State in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and coupons. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page.

## Fashion Frock Coupon FOR "WINIFRED"

OBTAIN postal note, enclose required coupons, and send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
SUBURB .....  
TOWN ..... STATE .....  
SIZE .....  
(State length, hips, bust measurement)  
Pattern Coupon, 14/10/44.

Reminder: Size of pattern must accompany order with coupons where necessary. Name and address and State should be printed in block letters.

# Fashion PATTERNS



## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"WINIFRED"—Smartly designed pyjamas for summer wear

Fashioned from lingerie silk rayon, they wash and wear well.

As the sketch shows, these ready-to-make pyjamas feature dainty floral motifs. These motifs are in pink and green on pastel backgrounds of pink or blue; also on a white background.

These pyjamas come to you cut out ready to make or sew by hand.

**Cut Out Only:** Size 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11 and 13 coupons. Size 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 43/11 and 13 coupons, plus 1/6d. postage.

How to obtain "WINIFRED": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust and hip measurements, length, also name of model.





SMART SPRING SUITS worn by Mrs. Pat Osborne (left), Mrs. John R. Taylor, and Melbourne visitor Miss Sandra Badilleu, when they lunch at Prince's.

## On and off Duty.

"THE Navy never started anything that it couldn't finish—and finish well," says newly appointed W.R.A.N.S. director, First-Officer Sheila McClellans, when she addresses Wrans muster at H.M.A.S. Rushcuttler.

Agree with her entirely—not only as to efficiency of Senior Services' Auxiliary members to whom Sheila's remarks are made; but same thought crosses my mind later in evening when I attend party given by officers at H.M.A.S. Rushcuttler, when they entertain guests at informal buffet cocktail party, which ends at midnight.

Ideal setting for party, which is held on water frontage lawn under moonlit sky. Learn for first time since war that words "roll out the barrel" are not only song title, as gentle spray, which, I think, is from sea, comes from barrel of beer when Able Seaman puts bung in.

Commander of H.M.A.S. Rushcuttler, Commander Harvey Newcombe, R.N., and Mrs. Newcombe, with Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. T. P. Percival, mingle among guests.

ROUND of parties for Mrs. Ivan Lloyd Phillips, former Faith Macarthur Onslow, who returns to Sydney on six months' leave from British Red Cross in Middle East. Mrs. Leslie Consett Stephen is hostess at luncheon at Prince's, and entertains Faith, with Mrs. Rowan Heeves, who is also spending furlough here from Palestine with her husband, Mrs. Bill Beresford Grand, Mrs. Lorimer Dods, and Jean Friend. Faith will return to Palestine early next year to rejoin her husband, who is attached to Colonial Administrative Service there.

INTERESTING letter received by Olga Clarke from Algiers from Officer-Interpreter Alison Urquhart, who is attached to Free French Naval Forces.

Letter is dated two weeks after invasion, and Alison writes: "I'm leaving Algiers soon for south of France as officer-interpreter to the chief of the medical supply base of the French Forces of the Interior there." Alison continues that she believes she is the first British woman to enter South of France since liberation.

HOME from St. Luke's with her daughter, Elizabeth Anne, is Mrs. Rex Cato, formerly Barbara Lotherington. Barbara has made her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Lotherington, of Bellevue Hill, while her husband, Lieut. Cato, A.I.F., of Wellington, is on active service. Rex had leave to see his daughter, and Mrs. Lotherington tells me she has full house when other daughter, Joyce (Mrs. Charles Ryerson), and her young son David, welcome Captain Charles Ryerson when he comes to Sydney for a military school.

DOUBLE celebration for Peggy Young when she announces engagement to Gunner James Gerard Riley, A.I.F., of Bega, at twenty-first birthday party at home of parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Young, of Darling Point.

AFTER honeymooning in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gibson make their new home at "Rocky Point," Narramine. Nance, who is old P.L.C. girl, was recently married at Trarig Presbyterian Church.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Captain Reg. Seddon, A.I.F., of Adelaide, and his bride, pretty Pam Pring, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with attendants, Pam's sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Plater, and best man, Gabriel Reichenback, ex-A.I.F.



CANDIDATE. Mr. Bryson Taylor in Ugly Man competition for A.B.C. staff war funds, looks at caricature of himself with Rae Stephen. Winner will be crowned at Mardi Gras at Town Hall Friday.



FAREWELL PARTY. Members of C.U.S.A. Navy Club, Mrs. Harry Daly (left), Mrs. Charles Du Val, and Mrs. H. C. Valle, present president of club, Mrs. Muirhead-Gould (second from left), with travelling-bag. Mrs. Muirhead-Gould will leave Australia shortly to join her husband, Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould, who has returned to England for appointment with R.N.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Warrant-Officer Peter Dennis, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly June Burgis, with matron of honor, Jane's sister, Mrs. Henry Zongrone, cut cake at reception at Forum Club, following ceremony at St. Philip's Church Hill.



DECORATED AIR HEROES. Flight-Lieut. Ronald Cundy, D.F.C., D.F.M., R.A.A.F., of Armidale, and bride, formerly Gwen Walsh, toasted by their attendants, Flying-Officer Eric Maher, D.F.M., R.A.A.F. (left), Barbara Walsh, Pat Finister, and Flight-Lieut. Danny Boardman, D.F.M., R.A.A.F., at reception at Chelsea Club, following marriage at St. Jude's Church, Randwick.



CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. Mr. William Bullough, of Grafton, and his bride, formerly Alice Savage, cut three-tiered wedding cake after ceremony at All Saints' Church of England, Kempsey.

SCARLET tulips worn by bride's attendants make startling contrast to all-white wedding chosen by Joan Booth when she marries Flight-Engineer Frank Flinane, of Qantas Airways, at Wesley Chapel. Matron of honor Mrs. R. De-Coque and bridesmaids Vera Mathews, Nancy Holledge, and Lorraine Addicott wear topknots of tulips and carry sheafs of same flowers.

FAMILY dinner-party at Romano's when Joy O'Neill, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. O'Neill, of Crenorne, announces engagement to Sergeant Bert Fisher, R.A.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Fisher, of North Sydney. Joy wears solitaire diamond ring set in platinum at party.

RUSH of shopping for Marnie Henry when fiancé, Major Charles Parsons, A.I.F., comes on leave, and couple decide to marry few days afterwards at Shore Chapel. Charles' sister, Mrs. Paul Cahill, and Captain Bill Baker chosen as attendants, and guests invited to Killara Golf Club after ceremony.



MARKET DAY. Superintendent of Australian Women's Land Army, Mrs. Frank Lynch (left), with Lady Anderson, Mrs. Walter Elliot, Lady Wakehurst, hon. State Commandant of A.W.L.A., and Mrs. Jane Bernays attend Market Day in Hyde Park, in aid of A.W.L.A.'s Welfare Fund.

MEN'S committee of Kindergarten Union arrange interesting exhibition of pictures of noted Australian artists to be opened at Education Department Galleries, Loftus Street, this Saturday at 3 p.m. Demonstrations of technical process of making etchings and brief talks on art will be given by artists. Other subjects will include modelling, wood and lino cuts, caricaturing, and the theatre.

OVER lunch at Prince's Mrs. Douglas Davidson, Mrs. Bill Cruickshank, Mrs. Bob Sherman, Sylvia Tunks, and Margaret Hardy make plans for their flower stall at Travelers' Aid Fete at Mosman Town Hall this Saturday.

DATE for your diary: Musicale in Lady Mayoress' drawing-room on October 19 in aid of Adult Deaf and Dumb Society.

BACK in her home at Wahroonga is Mrs. Clive Statham and her three-year-old daughter, Virginia. Bunny hoping to see her husband, Surgeon-Lieut. Clive Statham, soon.

THIS Saturday is chosen by Lieut. Marian Stewart, A.A.N.S., and Sidney Martin, ex-A.I.F., for their marriage at bridegroom-to-be's old school chapel, St. Aloysius' College Chapel, Milson's Point.

Joyce





• The gay can-can sequence from "Bathing Beauty," MGM's lavishly produced technicolor musical. Showgirls Joan Thorsen and Aileen Haley are both over six feet tall.



• Glamorous swimming champion Esther Williams as she appears in "Bathing Beauty." Esther leads the spectacular water ballet, and shares starring honors with comedian Red Skelton.



• Providing a perfect subject for the technicolor camera an authentic water ballet is staged in a ten-foot-deep, 100-foot-square indoor pool.

• Bunny Waters, one of the six-foot "Glamazons" who appear in swimming sequences.

## Movie World

□ "Bathing Beauty," MGM's latest musical, spotlights Esther Williams, the attractive swimming champion, who skyrocketed to fame after her appearance at the New York World Fair. Red Skelton is seen as the lone male student in an all-girls' school, and the light-hearted comedy includes thirty-two precision swimmers, forty dancers, and six statuesque showgirls. Music is supplied by the famous bands of Harry James and Xavier Cugat.





1 **SCOTT** (Alan Curtis) meets woman, who accompanies him to the theatre, but does not reveal her identity. Returning home, Scott finds his wife has been murdered.



2 **UNDER SUSPICION**, Scott tries to prove his alibi, but witnesses all claim he was alone.



3 **UNCONVINCED** of his guilt, Scott's secretary, Carol (Ella Raines), interviews detective Burgess (Thomas Gomez), learns that he, too, believes Scott innocent.



4 **TOGETHER** they renew the search for the "phantom lady," and are joined by Scott's best friend, Jack Marlow (Franchot Tone).

## PHANTOM LADY



5 **MASQUERADING** as show-girl, Carol makes a date with one of the witnesses, but he is murdered before he can reveal the secret.



6 **AS** "phantom lady" wore identical hat to girl in show, Carol and Jack go to milliner and find copy had been sold to Ann Terry.



"Charles . . . !  
Have you gone Completely Silly?"

"Really, M'dear! Understood you to say I was to accompany you on safari after some Parker Shoes. Rather thought my dashed elephant gun would scattah the other blightahs somewhat! I remember old Stinkah Puffington and I in Poona in '04..."

"Charles, if you mention that man's name once more..."

"Quite my dear..."

"I would have you observe Charles that it is difficult to obtain Parkers but it is hardly necessary to alay the populace with that fearful instrument of yours. Go and get out of that monstrous fancy dress and meet me with the car in ten minutes."

"Very well M'dear. Consider you're making a grave error in strategy though!"

Parker  
Shoes



Parker makes for the Services—a fact which reduces civilian output to a minimum.



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His hands, lean and firm, were on her shoulders. "And," he finished the sentence, "and, Katherine Prescott, you've no business to be looking at a mere male like that!"

It was then that he had taken her quickly and yet somehow gently into his arms and kissed her. Then he held her away from him again and gave her a little shake. "There now, you can smite me if you want to! I shouldn't have done that."

And he was not asking for the right. She had understood that. She had managed to laugh up at him, she remembered, and in the dim light she had succeeded in making that laugh provocative and real.

"Well, well, David! Don't tell me that biology got you for a minute!" The lake had stopped its low singing, and she knew the stars had gone somewhere into oblivion, for she could no longer see them; but there was nothing in her upturned laughing face to tell him all that.

"Kay, look here," David had said, grasping her shoulders again. She had thought then that it might be everything. But his hands dropped and she knew he had chosen to make it nothing. "Oh, well . . .," he said. That was all.

But it was enough to stand between her and any other face that had looked down at her during the years that followed. She had seen him occasionally while she was training—then her own hospital and graduate work had intervened, three years of seeing him not at all. It was only a shadow, and yet it was substantial, incredibly real to her.

Many times she had scorned herself for loving a man who had made it clear that friendship was all he wanted from her. She had called herself names, adolescent being the kindest of them, but she had not eradicated the shadow of David's dark face for all that.

And now those moments rolled and shimmered before her, and were gone. She stood watching him.

# Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 9

There was the same lean and still face with the deep grey eyes and the mouth, sensitive and firm, that she remembered only too well.

Their glances met, held. His face, which a moment before had seemed too tired, too grave, lighted. His hands went out. "Well, Kay!"

She met his hands with one of her own.

"Hallo, David," she said with just the right amount of warmth, of casual affection. "It's good to see you again."

He ignored her one hand, seized both. For an instant she had a fleeting panic. If he should pull her into his arms as Tom had done—no, she couldn't stand that. Not after Eunice Williams.

"Well, Kay," he said again. "Good to see you! I should think it is good to see you. This is lovely, infant. But we—"

"Yes, I know," she said, smiling brightly and turning toward Tom and Jane and, incidentally, releasing her hands from his as he turned. "He didn't expect me either! Well, I'm here and glad to see you and Tom again. Tell me about yourself, David."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. The usual thing. I'd rather talk about you."

"You—you're doing well, I hear." "Well!" Tom growled. "He's a plutocrat, that boy! A vested interest. He ought to be incorporated. The women pay him for the privilege of drooling at that good-looking dial of his, don't they, David?"

DAVID was used to Tom's ragging and apparently paid no more attention to him than he ever had in their student days. Without seeming to do so, Katherine noticed the all but imperceptible tightening of the muscles in David's jaw. His tone was casual.

"Shut up, you. There's something to the practice of medicine besides living inside a microscope all the time."

"Yes. If you're going to practise medicine!"

"How about the research," Kay interposed hastily. "Still at it when I get a chance. I worked with Hartman for a year, you remember." Something vital came alive in his face. "Look, Kay, I've got several Addison's upstairs. Not doing badly at all. We've worked out a pretty good balance for them if I do say so."

"Oh, good! I suppose you're adding vitamin B?"

"I am. The usual treatment. And lots of salt. But look, Kay, it's the experiments I want you to see. I've been working on something new. I may be barking up the wrong tree, but if I can find the right thing and then couple it with all the new treatment, well, we may have something. It's too early to tell, of course, but I'm hopeful."

"David, you've done it!"

He grinned like a small boy. "Oh, not so fast. I've got to keep going a while of a lot longer before I prove anything, but so far—" He broke off abruptly. "Here, come along and look at a couple of patients, will you? I'd like some new pigmentation slides—skin sections—and that's right down your street. It'll only take a few minutes."

"They're off!" Tom said. He had been listening with an approving exultation.

"Come along, Kay. We'll see them and then we'll go over the notes."

Jane said smoothly: "Miss Williams is waiting for you in the first floor sunroom, David. She wanted me to tell you. She was—ah, rather urgent."

"Phone her that I'm held up, will you, Jane, there's a sweet. We've got to see these patients before visiting hours begin; they're in the wards. We'll be only a few minutes."

He went to his desk and opened a drawer. He picked out a sheaf of duplicate chart sheets that were clamped to a board and covered with a protecting layer of cellophane. He glanced at them, thoughtfully, tracing a graph which showed a satisfactory and—for Addison's—an adequate steadiness.

"If we can keep these going—well, we'll see."

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, it will be reduced to something synthetic, of course, if we do find it. It's a job for a chemist then. If we can find the key, that's all we ask."

Kay knew he really was talking to himself as much as to her, but she did not miss a word. She was familiar with Hartman's early experiments, and all the procedure that had gone on since then. Was David right?

Heads bent over the chart, they walked toward the door, everything forgotten in their discussion. A look of satisfaction sat smugly on Tom's face as they passed him.

"Let me phone Miss Williams, Jane," he said. "I'd just love to do that small service for you!"

"This patient came in only a few days ago," David explained. "Acute crisis. We couldn't even bring her in at first, didn't dare move her. All the symptoms. And, of course, the pigmentation in this case."

A moment later they were in the ward, standing over the patient. She was a small woman whose darkening skin spoke all too truly of Addison's disease.

"This is Dr. Prescott, Mrs. Keller. She's going to help me from time to time, I hope."

"I don't think he needs any help," Kay said. Then added in the pleasantly brisk voice with which most physicians tell their worst prevarications, "You look fine to me, Mrs. Keller."

"Yes," the woman said faintly, turning a weak smile up at David that held, nevertheless, a deep and abiding confidence. "Dr. Clay—he's been good. He don't give up, he don't. I think—I think I was very ill."

"I think you are very ill," Kay commented to herself, then thought of the chart. "And yet, if David brought her out of that crisis!" Aloud she said, "Oh, you can't beat him. He doesn't know how to give up."

When their detailed examination was over and they had seen the other patients, too, they walked back down the corridor together talking thoughtfully. "Mrs. Keller, David. Have you thought of T.B.?"

"Oh, yes. That's probably what has riddled the cortex of the gland; it usually is, as a matter of fact. We haven't all the clinical findings yet, she's been so weak. But I'd bet on it."

"Operate?"

Please turn to page 29

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Partly dry with soft towel, then massage them well with a good hand lotion or cream.

When the cream has been absorbed, repeat process.

Now attend to nails and cuticles;

don't cut cuticles or nails. Remember that filing is much better for your nails, and that the file should always be drawn in long, regular strokes toward the centre.

Now warm some petroleum jelly, olive oil, or castor oil, then put a little on to a strip of cotton-wool and bind each finger-tip. Leave cuticles to soak up this nourishment as long as possible; slip your hands into gloves, and leave on all night if you can.

Repeat this beauty care every night, and you'll own a pair of soft, smooth hands in no time!



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## DAVID

shook his head. "Not till we know more about the whole picture and find out whether the T.B.—if any—is confined to the adrenals. Increases the danger if she has T.B. anywhere else, too."

Then he said abruptly: "Come over to the office and we'll go over the notes. You'll see then what I mean. And, anyway, I want you to do some

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## THE CAMPBELL EYE TREATMENT

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## Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 28

slides for me if you will." Tifen, in answer to her question, "Oh, when I get this a little farther along we'll turn it over to the chemists. They'll reduce it to something synthetic and cheap soon enough."

It was half an hour later that they were standing over a microscope at David's desk in the office. Much to the silent interest of Tom and Jane, who were working nearby, they were so engrossed they might have been in another world. They were interrupted by a drawing voice from the doorway. "Well! Dr. Clay, I presume?"

Eunice Williams was not too pleased at the waiting she had been doing that morning and the conscious effort she made to be archly gay did not really conceal the fact. David had turned with a guilty flush.

"Oh, come in, Eunice! Sorry to keep you waiting, but we had to see those patients before the visiting mob gets in or we couldn't do it at all. This is Dr. Prescott, Miss Williams, Kay."

"I don't see any patients, and I've met Dr. Prescott," Eunice said dryly. She flashed an ephemeral smile at Kay that meant nothing and was gone immediately. She turned back to David. "Come along, David, and play. We're going to the club to have a round of golf before lunch. Then a swim this afternoon."

"Oh, but Eunice! In the morning! I've so many things to do..."

"Oh, but nothing! This is an important day, David!" To Kay, addressing her directly for the first time, she said with a false lightness, "You've no idea the work I do to get this man to play, Dr. Prescott!" Then back again to David. "Come on, old stick-in-the-mud!"

"I hope you aren't going to drag him away from the staff party to-night, Miss Williams," Tom said in an abortive effort to be pleasant.

"Oh, but I am!" Eunice said. "We're throwing one at the Country Club ourselves. And an important one. At least we think so. There'll always be staff things. Come along, Doctor!"

Dr. Clay gathered up the piles of notes and thrust them into Katherine's hands. "Go over them, will you, Kay? Then to-morrow..." His animation was suddenly gone. The fatigue which momen-

tarily had been erased settled back into his face again, but he said gently, "All right, Eunice."

For a moment after they went out, nobody seemed to have anything to say. Then Tom exclaimed in a savage voice that carried all the implications of profanity, "The spineless idiot!"

Kay said nothing. Jane said flatly, "Well, a man in love will do queer things."

There it was. Put into the words that Kay had not allowed herself to phrase. And with them came a sure knowledge that was hidden from Tom as completely as it was revealed to her.

"Jane, too!" she thought. Forthright, unglamorous Jane. "Plain Jane," the students called her with affectionate disrespect and not always behind her back.

Over Tom's bent head comprehension passed between them, then their glances fell apart. But they both knew. And no future dissembling could secrete it.

"Love!" Tom snorted. "Infatuation, biology, love—Whatever you want to call it," Jane retorted. "Haven't you ever been in love, Thomas, my child?"

"I am in love. But it doesn't turn me into a jelly fish. First it was give up research... then society doctoring. Now, thumbs down on the Army."

"The Army!" Kay exclaimed. "Oh, don't look so startled, Dr. Prescott. Eunice doesn't approve of the Army."

"The Government wants David. He's one of the best men on shock we have," Jane interposed. "Apparently the adrenals are involved in most cases of shock... anyway, David has had a lot of good results from treating shock cases with the Addison's therapy. There's a lot of shock involved in the medical end of the Army in action, and the powers that be mean to get all the experts they can, naturally."

"But of course the fact that the Government wants David to continue his research on that new extract—hoping to improve shock treatment—just doesn't mean a thing, not to our little glamor gal," Tom spoke bitterly, then interrupted himself. "What is this, the morgue? Come on, you gals, and I'll stand you lunch if you don't mind an early one. Or a drink. I could do with something exciting, say a malted milk."

Katherine managed what to an unobservant male might pass for a smile. "Sorry, I've got to say hello to the Super, and then go and find somewhere to live. I've a list of prospects a mile long."

"And I've a case coming in upstairs," Jane said.

"Let me drive you to your prospects, Kay. Just to be sure I approve. The cooking-stove must be good, you know. For steaks."

"No, no, Dr. Andrews. You're busy. Anyway, I don't want to give the landlords any false ideas."

"Be all right with me if you did," Tom retorted. "Well, I'll pick you up to-night. Where are you?"

"At the Station Hotel. Unless I'm lucky enough to get into my own place to-night." Suddenly Kay felt drained of energy. "But I don't think I'll try to crowd that in, Tom, thanks all the same. I'd rather get settled if I can. And—as has been observed before—there'll always be staff things. Bye, Jane."

"All the same you're going with me. I'll call for you later." Tom's voice was stubborn, but he eyed her keenly. She had an alarming sense of prescience in him and she wanted des-

perately to get away from it.

"Well, ring me if you feel like it. But don't count on it."

"I am counting on it, so get out your glad rags. I'll be along at nine. And if you leave the hotel you leave me a phone number or I'll pull the town down round your ears!"

"Dr. Caveman Andrews!" she mocked. And with a flippant wave of her hand, escaped.

But she could not escape from herself. Automatically she did all the proper things. She called to see Superintendent Owen and Miss Ellison, head of the nurses' home, to look over the small and bare flat which was reserved for her use should she want it.

Everywhere now was cold and comfortless severely—concrete, brick, marble, bland and lifeless paint—all of it as empty of warmth and animation as she herself was feeling.

She shuddered. She must get away. She had succeeded in a piece of acting that would have done credit to a good stage actress, but she knew that soon she must go off stage.

To be continued

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## How best to READ YOURSELF TO SLEEP...

● Don't take your worries to bed with you; read instead. But remember: Bedtime is not the right time for gripping novel or thriller or war book.

By MEDICO

"MY eyes have been feeling strained lately, doctor," said Mrs. Isles. "I usually read myself to sleep at night. Do you think that reading in bed is bad for the eyes?"

"It can be bad for the eyes if conditions are not suitable," I replied. "Firstly, there must be a good light behind your head. Secondly, the book should be at right angles to your line of vision.

"To achieve this, you will need to be propped up with pillows, and you will need to hold the book upright in your hand or propped upon a bed-table.

"Most of the bad results from reading in bed arise from the twisted attitudes we tend to adopt in bed, even lying on one side with one eye closed.

"The book should not be closer than twenty inches from the eye if vision is normal.

"It is not advisable to read in bed when the eyes are affected by the poisons of a bad cold or influenza.

"There is a definite danger of eye-strain under these conditions.

"A bedside wireless is the better way to pass the time.

"Under good conditions, reading in bed has the good effect of preparing the mind for sleep.

"It is bad practice to take one's troubles to bed and think them over before trying to sleep.

"Troubles always grow in the small hours of the morning, but daylight

shortens the shadows.

"Bedtime is not the right time for a gripping novel, a thriller, or a war book.

"The best type of book is a collection of essays, a travel book, or biography.

"When you find that the sentences are losing their meaning turn out the light, put the book aside, loosen your pillow, and relax.

"Imagine you are a cat curling up on the mat in front of the fire. It doesn't matter how you lie in bed as long as you are comfortable and relaxed.

"It is normal to turn in your sleep, and this is more restful than sleeping like a log."

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs.

THIS IS one way of reading in bed. Marguerite Chapman, Columbia star, props herself up with a comfortable square cushion.

Isles. "I felt sure there was a safe way to read in bed, and I'll enjoy it all the more now I know how to do it the right way."

(All names used in this article are fictitious.)

## MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

SOAK mixing-bowls after use in cold water before washing. Hot water hardens floury mixtures.

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NEVER fail to rinse your new stockings before wearing and, if possible, wash your stockings after wearing. Don't rub harshly; never wring. Squeeze gently through suds, rinse well, dry away from strong heat.

I'M told that soot or perspiration marks can be removed from white silk by applying a paste of bicarbonate of soda and cold water. Leave till dry. Wash the silk as usual.



BRIGHT IDEA. Fifa Bannard, of the Bob Dyer show, uses a basket for tidying the house, and carries newspapers, filled ashtrays, dead flowers, and other debris in one journey instead of half a dozen.

## Plan baby's day

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IF you practise regularity in all the little things that go to make up each day of your baby's life, a definite "rhythm" will be soon established in both your lives.

This makes things much easier for you and gives your babe a sense of security in this strange new world. Moreover, regularity in all things is important to baby's physical and mental well-being.

A leaflet of suggestions for a daily routine has been prepared, and will be sent if a request with a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 1/3 ...

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## CHANCES—

with your Cough or Cold

Get a bottle of Y-COUGH and be sure of prompt relief. You'll save yourself time and trouble if you stick to Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH is made to a trustworthy formula from ingredients which do their job. Y-COUGH stops your coughing because it soothes irritation and loosens congestion. Don't take risks—take Y-COUGH!

1/9 a bottle from all chemists and stores.

## Y-COUGH

KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS!  
1/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## BARKO

CONDITION POWDERS  
FOR YOUR DOG  
1/4 AT ALL CHEMISTS

PLACE stained forks and spoons in old aluminium saucepan containing boiling water; add tablespoon washing soda. Boil for few seconds, rinse, rub up ... You'll thank me for this tip!

IF your sink is set on the dark side or corner of your kitchen, have a light placed near it. It will repay you a hundredfold.

## To patients on a light diet, HORLICKS is doubly welcome

When the diet is restricted through illness, and the appetite flags, the patient quickly grows tired of the monotony at meal-times. Fortunately patients rarely tire of the delicious flavour of Horlicks, and every glass of Horlicks adds fresh energy to the system, thus helping to promote a rapid recovery.

Horlicks is a complete food-drink, nourishing and sustaining. It is prepared by a special process which combines the wholesome ingredients in a form particularly easy to digest. In many cases where other foods cannot be taken, the system will retain and readily assimilate Horlicks.

The patient feels a sense of well-being almost at once, for the energising natural sugars are present in Horlicks in a form

that is quickly assimilated by the bloodstream.

Horlicks is of definite assistance in hastening the restoration of physical strength, because it contains a valuable proportion of readily-assimilable protein, as well as a percentage of mixed carbohydrates.

It's no trouble at all to prepare Horlicks. Simply mix it with water only, hot or cold.

Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins. Price 3/6. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



## HORLICKS



## MASTER CHOP, THE BUTCHER'S SON

Master Chop is helping Pop

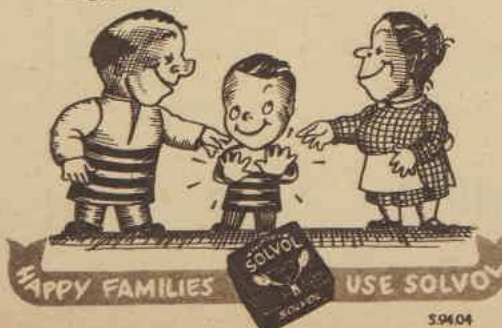
With all the work in the Butcher's Shop.

He says "I dunno what I'd do

If Solvol Soap were rationed too,

For dirty hands I take the cake,

It gets me clean—and no mistake!"



S9404



# KEEP YOUR FAMILY "FIGHTING FIT"

## ON THESE "Build-up Breakfasts"

Keep your family 'fighting fit'—ready to win at work, school or play—by serving one of these "Build-Up Breakfasts" each and every morning . . .

Two or more WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Biscuits or a generous handful of BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes in milk—use GRANOSE if you prefer an unsweetened breakfast biscuit—takes only a second to prepare and yet it makes a breakfast that is rich in all those body-building elements that we all need to enjoy tip-top health and perfect

physical fitness. You'll find these crisp, honey-coloured flakes of goodness 'tops' for flavour too, and a firm favourite with every member of the family.

Just ask your grocer for WEET BIX, GRANOSE, or BIXIES—and for extra health ask also for a packet of SAN-BRAN, the natural laxative breakfast food that is non-habit forming. A little added to your usual morning cereal will work wonders to your general well-being.

If you'd like to know more about correct diet, and new ways of serving WEET-BIX, GRANOSE, and BIXIES, listen-in to Mrs. Winifred Wiseman, who broadcasts in the "Kommensense Kitchen Klub", sponsored by The Sanitarium Health Food Company, twice weekly over your favourite radio station.



THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.



WH 136-3253



# Strictly Sentimental



● An omelet in Paris or a damper in Oodnadatta, nursery patty cakes or that first sophisticated dinner-party . . . they all have nostalgic memories. Here is a page of sentiment—recipes from the past.

**A**FTER all," Dr. Johnson said (or Boswell said he said), "a man may travel all round the world and not find anything more interesting than his dinner."

Of course, he was hungry when he said it or replete with sentimental approval of dinner just finished. Or he may have remembered that social edict that music and food are the two accepted topics of polite conversation.

So let's talk about:

## SOFT GINGERBREAD RING

(The spicy aroma of hot gingerbread is the most sentimental of all kitchen smells.)

Three ounces shortening, 2oz. brown sugar, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

Cream shortening, sugar, and syrup well. Beat in the eggs gradually. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Pour into a greased ring-tin, and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for one hour.

## BLOWAWAY SPONGE

(Long, warm days, and a country show on. Did you ever see such cooking?)

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup arrowroot or cornflour, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Separate egg-yolks and whites. Whisk whites stiffly, add the sugar gradually, beating until smooth and thick. Add the egg-yolks and fold in the well-sifted dry ingredients. Bake in two well-greased, seven-inch sandwich-tins in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

When cold sandwich together with lemon butter, fresh or mock cream, and dust with icing sugar.

## RICH PLAIN CAKE

(Early December cake made for pre-Christmas parties. Cherries or candied peel, orange rind or lemon rind in the mixing for variation. It is a cake that keeps moist for weeks.)

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. plain flour, 4 eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon flour, flavoring (essence or citrus rind).

Cream butter well, and gradually

add the flour, mixing until light and fluffy. Beat the eggs and sugar well, and stir slowly into the flour mixture. Lastly, fold in the baking powder, sifted with the tablespoon flour. Place in cake-tin lined with greased paper, and bake in moderately hot oven (350deg. F.) for 50 to 60 minutes.

## LEMON CHIFFON

(An all-time favorite whether set in a crisp pastry-case or piled in individual sweets dishes and served with chocolate-coated biscuits.)

One teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 4 eggs, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated rind of lemon, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt.

Soak gelatine in water. Cook egg-yolks, lemon juice and rind, and half the sugar in double saucepan until of custard consistency. Add gelatine, and stir occasionally while cooling. Add egg-whites beaten until stiff with rest of sugar. Chill thoroughly.

Varied with the addition of sliced bananas or passionfruit.

## LOBSTER NEWBURG

(Epitome or not, most of us have talked about lobster Newburg with some intensity. The Newburg, by

the way, is served on hot toast, or in patty-shells; lobster thermidor is served hot in the shell, both have an affinity for cherry.)

Two cups cubed lobster meat, 1 tablespoon butter, 1-3rd cup sherry, 3 egg-yolks, 1 cup cream or smooth white sauce, salt, cayenne, nutmeg, pinch grated lemon rind.

Saute the lobster meat in hot butter for 3 minutes. Stir in the sherry and cook one minute longer. Add the egg-yolks, and cream or sauce, and cook very slowly until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. If the mixture boils or cooks too long it will curdle. Remove from heat and season with salt, pepper, lemon rind, and the faintest dusting of nutmeg. Serve piping hot on toast, in hot patty-cases, or with crisp biscuits or brown bread and butter rolls.

## SOUFFLE POTATOES

(Reminiscent of first dinner-parties.)

Potatoes, frying fat, pepper and salt.

Cut the potatoes in thin slices about 1-10th inch thick. Soak in ice-cold water about 15 minutes, dry in towel, and then plunge (not too many at a time) in the frying basket into deep, fuming fat. Drain when

golden brown. Reheat the fat to fuming point and plunge in the slices again. This time the upper and lower surfaces of the potato slices will separate. Drain, season, and serve as before-dinner appetizers or on dinner plate.

## LITTLE CHERRY PIES

(Very cold with a feather-light crust, are fine for a summer tea-party or picnic lunch. Remember?)

One pound cherries, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, squeeze of lemon juice. For pastry: 3oz. shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1oz. cornflour, pinch salt.

Simmer cherries until tender with sugar and water. Blend the arrowroot with a little of the syrup. Stir into the cherries and bring to the boil. Add the lemon juice and a dash of cochineal if color needs brightening. Cream the shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg and water, and then the sifted flour, baking powder, cornflour, and salt. Roll to thin sheet and line small patty-tins with this pastry. Moisten edges, fill with cherries and thickened syrup, top with pastry. Glaze with sugar and water, bake in hot oven until crisp and brown. Sprinkle while hot with powdered sugar.

Some of you may feel more sentimental about the old-fashioned open cherry flan with a hatchet of pastry baked on top.

## MOCK CRAB

(Doesn't taste in the least like crab, but was fine Saturday night fare on the Saturdays crabbing was definitely out.)

One and a half cups coarsely grated cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 tablespoons vinegar or 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, toast triangles.

Combine cheese, butter, beaten egg, and seasonings. Heat until smooth and hot, and pile on hot toast.

A dash of paprika on top of each helps the illusion.

## HAM AND EGG PIE

(Were there really those lavish cold buffets in the good old days?)

Twelve ounces good shortcrust, 6oz. ham, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, pepper, salt.

Line a pieplate with pastry. Cover with chopped ham. Beat eggs with milk, pepper, and salt. Pour over ham. Cover with pastry and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (325deg. F.), and cook for further 20 minutes. Serve cold with salad vegetables.

A thin spreading of mustard on the bottom layer of pastry is worth trying.

## CUSTARD TART

(Remember the ones with the custard baked over junky fig preserve or strawberry jam?)

Six ounces good shortcrust, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, flavoring.

Line a pieplate or sponge sandwich-tin with the pastry and glaze bottom with egg-white. Beat egg, sugar, and milk together, add flavoring, and pour gently into pastry-case. Cook in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (325deg. F.), and cook for further 30 minutes.

Melted chocolate or caramel can be added to the custard for variety.

## COCKLE SHELLS

(Not Mary in her garden, but first lessons in biscuit-cooking, and Saturday morning in the kitchen, getting ready for Sunday visitors.)

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 egg, raspberry jam.

Cream the butter and sugar well. Beat in the egg until smooth and fluffy. Add the sifted flour. Drop in small spoonfuls on a greased tray, and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned, about 10 minutes. When cold join in pairs with raspberry jam and dust with icing sugar.

## I REMEMBER

**DIVING** for oysters and eating the oysters seasoned only with the liquor in the shell, the finest of all condiments . . . brown bread and butter in the picnic basket.

**A CHAMPAIGN** omelet in Paris . . . a tablespoon of milk to each egg and the centre of the omelet stirred until it lightly sets . . . the mushrooms cooked first on a greased pan, not stewed.

**AN English dinner** fit for a king . . . saddle of lamb, red currant jelly, green peas and saute potatoes.

**DINING** with a Swede who called for a raw egg in a glass to add to his hot consommé . . . delicious.

**A SPAGHETTI** dish my host had taken hours to assemble . . . a hint of garlic, of cheese, of bruised herbs in it.

**A GINGERBREAD** man, culinary favor of high days and holidays . . . pink icing for hair and buttons.

**SOLE** bon femme at a very special luncheon . . . the rolled fillets poached in wine, served in a cream mushroom sauce and a browned cheese topping.

**SATURDAY'S apple pie** . . . Granny Smiths, sliced, needing no lemon or syrup for piquancy, baked in a crisp double pastry-case . . . served cold on Sunday.

**THE end of October** as pudding-making time . . . silver coins and charms were scalded and wished-over, and mixed with the fruit in the basin . . . everyone had a stir.

**SOUR** cream scones with strawberry jam . . . dough very moist and oven very hot.

**CARAWAY** seed cakes with a spoonful of lemon cheese added before baking.

**HOT Cornish pasties** for Saturday night garden suppers . . . plenty of diced potato and carrot with the meat, the pastry very crisp and well seasoned.

**FAGGOTS** in Wales . . . bought in a busy street . . . little hot minced liver cakes, an acquired taste.

**OATMEAL** bannocks that were as light as a feather . . . cooked on a griddle by a Scotchwoman . . . lard and eggs with the flour and oatmeal.

**THE** strawberry fetes of years ago . . . what has happened to them?

**BABY** nasturtium leaves in salads and with brown bread and butter, or nibbled in the garden all by themselves.

**AN** old recipe book I read and coveted . . . recipes for syllabubs and tangles together with etiquette for a young lady of fashion.



## AGE NO BAR TO FIGURE BEAUTY

### LOOK AT THIS FIGURE!

Absolutely perfect but for one defect: Over-large hips. I have corrected this defect in hundreds of women of all ages.

Examine your figure honestly. If you have any defects spoiling an otherwise attractive contour, write to me. I can help you.

Send the details of your figure problems to me and I will prescribe a special course for your particular body defect.

### I CAN MAKE YOUR

#### FIGURE PERFECT

Write to-day for your ideal measurements and an attractive folder on figure beauty. Fill in age and height on coupon. Enclose 4d. stamp to cover postage.

#### CUT THIS OUT!

NAME	
ADDRESS	
AGE	20
HEIGHT	5' 6"
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NECK	13½
BUST	37
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ABDOMEN	34½
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### PHYSICAL CULTURE

## WOMEN

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Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

### MIDENE

## WHEN MEAT COUPONS RUN LOW



—Keep food values high!

Pyrex cookery extracts maximum food value and appetising flavour even from meats of low (or no) coupon-value. When you cook the Pyrex way every ounce of nutriment is retained and you can serve dishes which are every bit as attractive as those made from "coupon-costly" cuts. Save coupons, money and worry—the Agee Pyrex way!

## AGEE PYREX

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CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.  
Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.

### FRICASSEE:

1 rabbit, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, salt, 1 pint milk, 1 pint rabbit stock, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked carrot. 1. Joint rabbit, wash & fry in salted water. 2. Place in saucepan with salt, diced onion and celery, cover with water, simmer 1½ hrs. 3. Blend flour with a little milk. Heat remainder of liquid, when boiling add blended flour, stir till thickened. 4. Return rabbit to re-heat in sauce, adding cooked vegetables and seasonings. 5. Serve with carrot or vegetables.



**HOT BAKED TOMATOES** filled with creamed lamb's brains, delicious as the light, hot dish for summer menu. Season well and serve with sauteed potatoes and hot greens.

## Delicious sweets win prizes

● This week's mail was outstanding for its light and unusual sweet recipes. To-day's prizes are chosen from a fine collection. They are worth trying.

**STRAWBERRIES** can no longer be considered as only a luxury fruit; recent nutrition research reports that just one moderate-sized service of strawberries, fresh from the garden, supplies a day's requirements of vitamin C.

The first-prize strawberry dumpling recipe is something special. If dripping is used as shortening, use, too, a little lemon rind and few drops of juice in the pastry. The

milk in this recipe makes a delicious creamy sauce. A little extra milk may be added during cooking.

Try the lemon pudding served in icy-cold squares and topped with a sauce of caramelised sugar.

### CREAMY STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS

Two level tablespoons shortening, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, milk, strawberries, sugar.

Rub shortening (dripping, butter, or margarine) into sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix to dry dough, roll to thin sheet and cut into 3½ in. rounds, or divide dough into four and roll into thin rounds. Place sugared strawberries into centre of each, moisten edges and pinch together, forming a round ball. Place in greased pie-dish, cover with sweetened hot milk, and bake for 1 hour in moderate oven.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. P. Hall, Nambucca River, N.S.W.

### BANANA SPONGE ROLY

One tablespoon dripping, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 2 bananas mashed with 1 tablespoon sugar or honey, and few drops vanilla.

Cream dripping and sugar. Add beaten egg and lemon juice, and then the flour. Roll out this pastry and spread with the mashed bananas. Roll as for swiss roll and pinch edges together. Place in oven-proof dish, add heated milk, and bake in a moderate oven until cooked and a delicate brown, about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. E. Brown, 148 Queen Victoria St., Bexley, N.S.W.

### LEMON PUDDING

One lemon, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs. Grate lemon rind and strain juice. Heat milk and pour over breadcrumbs and stand a few minutes. Stir in lemon rind and juice, sugar, and beaten egg-yolks. Pour into greased pie-dish and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in a moderate oven until lightly set, about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. B. Stone, Cameroo Downs, c/o Bayrick Station, Tambo, Qld.

### LEMON AND APPLE CREAM TART

One egg, 1 cup sugar, grated rind and the juice of 1 lemon, 1 large apple (grated), shortcrust pastry. Line a tart-plate with pastry. Beat egg well and beat with sugar until thick and creamy. Add lemon rind and juice and grated apple. Pour into pastry-case. Bake in a hot oven for 5 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate and bake until the pastry is crisp and brown and the filling set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. B. Rutherford, 5 Drew St., Westmead, N.S.W.

### APPLE CUSTARD TART

For Pastry: One tablespoon shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, rind of 1 orange, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

**RHUBARB JELLY** with lemon cream... lightly stew rhubarb sticks to fit mould, dissolve one teaspoon gelatine in each cup hot rhubarb juice. Set in mould, serve with lemon-flavored mock cream.



**CHILLED CORNFLOUR SHAPE** made in recess mould with recess filled with jam or fruit jelly after turning out. Use two tablespoons cornflour to one pint of milk.

For Filling: Two eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 large apple, 1 cup cake or bread-crumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, few drops vanilla.

Cream shortening (dripping or margarine) and sugar; beat in the egg and orange rind, and then add the sifted flour and baking powder. Knead lightly and roll to fit a 7 in. sandwich-tin or pie-plate. Press pastry well to sides and trim edges. Cook the apple carefully until soft and fairly dry. Spread on pastry, cover with crumbs, and pour on beaten eggs, sugar, and milk. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate and cook until custard is set. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Dayton, Post Office Box 1, Chipendale, N.S.W.



When I heard that LISTERINE Tooth Paste lasts twice as long, and removed stain, film and dinginess at the first brushing I doubted, but I'm fair, and I tried it. The results certainly sold me. My teeth look and feel clean, and they're whiter than ever before!

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large, generous size Tube, 1/5

## Relieve Tired Eyes



A drop of Murine in each eye is the modern way to soothe, clearse, refresh. Ask your chemist for...

## MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

## KE-PEG Keeps Fresh Eggs Fresh

More eggs are available. Prices are down! Make the most of the present opportunity... preserve with KE-PEG. KE-PEG is the ideal preservative—used straight from the jar as required.

Eggs perfect for table and cooking even two years later.

Costs less than 1d. dozen. All Grocers.



## COTY

All Coty's famous products as used in Australia are imported lines and, owing to the necessities of war, imports are prohibited. But with the rising Star of Victory Coty is preparing even greater and more lovely cosmetics and perfumes, and just as soon as the war ends Coty will resume its place of undisputed leadership in the cosmetic and perfumery world.

Coty



# NOW IS THE TIME TO ATTACK YOUR CATARRH!

## No Matter What Else Has Failed There Is Real Hope For You In This **Oral Vaccine** Treatment

Do you suffer from Catarrh? Then you know best how miserable and out of sorts it makes you feel. You know the tight stuffed-up nose, the constant need to clear away the accumulated mucus. You will have suffered from the dull, heavy catarrhal headaches. Perhaps yours is an advanced case when the constant ringing in your ears, coughing, nose blowing and pain nearly drive you mad.

**ALSO FOR  
BRONCHITIS  
SINUS AND  
ANTRUM TROUBLES**

Lantigen "B" really works because it attacks the cause, not just the symptoms. You get the same relief with the same dose of Lantigen.

# THOUSANDS BENEFIT

If you are suffering the kind of pain and distress described above, then you will want to know all about a method used by thousands who have suffered like you and who now have gained wonderful relief. How wonderful it is for them to breathe freely once again, to rid themselves of those wracking, splitting headaches, to regain the health that catarrhal infection had sapped from them. How wonderful it will be for you to gain the relief you have sought so long just by taking, each night, a few drops of Lantigen "B," the famous anti-catarrh Oral Vaccine. Just read the letter below and see what one ex-sufferer from catarrh has to say:—

"..... I cannot speak too highly of the value of Lantigen 'B' for catarrh. For years I had suffered from this beastly complaint and tried many so-called 'remedies.' The results from Lantigen 'B' were astounding. I now have no difficulty in breathing, and never get colds. It has given me a new lease of life."

This is common experience with those who use Lantigen "B," because Lantigen "B" is an oral vaccine which treats catarrh by building up natural resistance to the germs which cause it. This, in principle, is similar to the creation of immunisation against other diseases such as typhoid, dysentery, whooping cough, scarlet fever and rheumatic disorders.

## NO INJECTIONS NEEDED

The wonderful thing about Lantigen is that no injections are necessary. Modern research has proved that vaccines may be taken orally (by mouth) and still produce protective powers. This is by far a more convenient and simple, as well as being a less expensive, method of immunisation.

One writer in the "British Medical Journal" says: "The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous (by injection) method is obvious, in that this method overcomes the practical difficulties associated with the latter."



Another writer (Dr. Cronin Lowe) in the same journal reports that "Clinical response has been quite definitely marked" where oral vaccines have been used in catarrhal conditions.

So why put up with Catarrh any longer? On your chemist's shelf Lantigen "B" is waiting for you, ready to give you the same measure of relief that others have already gained—and not only mere palliation of your trouble. In most cases, Lantigen "B" actually immunises the system against the return of catarrh for varying periods up to two years—or even longer. Don't waste a day. Begin at once to gain the benefits Lantigen "B" can bring to you.

Only chemists are permitted to sell

## Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE  
**ASK YOUR CHEMIST  
ABOUT IT TODAY!**



No general would take an army into battle unless his men were immunised against typhoid.



Immunisation against diphtheria and whooping cough has guarded the health of millions of children.



Millions of lives have been saved by vaccination against smallpox.



Use an immunising treatment wherever you can, to protect against germ-borne diseases.



# Go and Catch a Falling Star

Continued from page 4

MISS B. eyed her reproachfully. "That isn't true about the flowers on the typewriter," she said, "and I don't even think it's true that you are having cocktails with Mr. Rutherford."

"I was prophesying," said Lorry. "Give me the phone again, Miss B. You take care of the flowers and I'll take care of Leo."

Mr. Rutherford, under the terms of his M-K-G agreement, was restricted to beer, but was amenable to the idea of observing the cocktail hour even in that pallid form. And, as he did not hesitate to say on his arrival, Miss Erskine's company was a tonic in itself.

"Thanks, Leo," said Lorry. "A re-

mark like that sets me up for days. As a matter of fact, ever since the word has seeped round that we are better than buddies I've been getting more respect from everybody. They even make a fuss over me now at the hairdresser's."

"If I could get more respect at the bank," said Leo, "I would put on an act for the local vermin that would make their little beady eyes goggle right out of their heads and dangle down their cheeks. I would woo you with such tropic splendor, such lordly disregard for good taste and fiscal expenditure, as the world has not seen since Cecil B. De Mille discovered the bathtub."

"You might tempt me with a sample proposition," said Lorry.

"Then hark to this, my tawny calenda," said Leo, and rearing back in the famous Rutherford ranting manner, complete with chest tones, snorts, and rolling eyes, he outlined the luscious schedule of a great lover's courtship.

"Sounds good," said Lorry shrewdly, "but what's the catch? I've always hated actors," she went on, "but perhaps that's because, until I met you, I'd never known a great one."

"Nay, Meipomene, say rather a ham by any other name."

"No ham by the name of Rutherford should be seen in 'Romeo Rides Again,'" said Lorry firmly. "Do you know the plot?"

"No, and I won't even after I've made it," said Leo. "I never go to the movies."

"You ought to have looked over the synopsis before you signed up for the part," said Lorry.

"My dear child, does the wayfarer dying of thirst seek out a laboratory with a sample of the brook?"

"Not if he can smell," said Lorry. "It happens that 'Romeo Rides Again' is a comic-strip version of your own life. You've been hired to make a fool of yourself."

The Rutherford eyebrows knitted a couple of stitches. "So what?" he said finally. "I'm just being paid for doing what I've always gladly done at my own expense."

"But you lose your amateur standing. And taking money for belittling yourself is a peculiarly unpleasant form of art."

"That is not for us little people to decide," said Leo. "I'm M-K-G's bondsman until the epic is in the can. Only then do they slip me my thirty-two pieces of silver."

"And then what?"

"Days and nights of feasting," said

Leo, "until the spirit is no longer interested and the none too solid flesh recoils."

"Oh, a reverse? The deluge first. What follows that?"

"Vultures. Lawyers with suits, tradesmen with bills, alimony claims. I'm the Bureau of Eternal Revenue."

"So what do you get out of making the picture? A black eye and a hang-over. Why not chuck it? You belong on the stage, anyway."

"But who will revive 'Up in Mabel's Room' just for me?" asked Leo bitterly.

"I'll write you a play," said Lorry. "I'll write you a humdinger. And I'll stake you while I'm writing it."

"I kiss your talented hand, ducks," said Leo, "and verily the grease-paint and the buskin sing a siren canzone, but I am not Houdini, and what other manning could wriggle out of an M-K-G contract? Besides, even now the sands of self-control are fast running out, and sobriety in idleness is a condition no sane playwright would dream of imposing on a Rutherford."

"There's always the locked wing," said Lorry.

"And there's always the keyhole," retorted Leo, "out of which you would decant me on rehearsal day. Not even the Dalai Lama could suspend my animation sufficiently to keep me under hatches or stay that beeline for the back room. Enough of dreams. Shut up and drink your beer."

"I will not shut up," said Lorry. "I am not a dreamer, Mr. Rutherford. I'm a schemer, and rated A-1-A at pulling chestnuts out of the fire."

"Are you referring to me, madam?" said Leo indignantly.

Lorry shook her head. "Only indirectly," she said. "Isn't there an old saying about fighting fire with fire?"

"There is. A very old one."

"Very well," said Lorry. "With your co-operation, Mr. Rutherford, I have no doubt that we can win through."

"What's on your mind?" asked Leo. "Speak up, girlie."

AFTER a brief and satisfactory conversation with the manager of the hotel at La Quinta, in the desert near Palm Springs, Lorry summoned Miss B. "I'm going to be away a few days," she said, "and I don't want anyone to know it."

"Not even me?" said Miss B. "Not even you," said Lorry. "So, no matter who calls, just say I'm working on the script and can't possibly be disturbed."

"But what about the script? Won't you need me at all?"

"There ain't a going to be no script," said Lorry. "And there's just one thing I want you to do. I want you to call Nils Petersen and give him this message. You'd better take it down."

"All right," said Miss B.

"Tell him that it might help him to sell Countess Markowska's book if she had a picture treatment already prepared. Suggest that since Mr. Venner is in Washington, and so is the countess, it might be possible for him to help her with it. Have you got that?"

"I've got it," said Miss B., "but I don't get it."

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Then, once again, the Rutherford pan hit the papers under such captions as: Beware! Leo's on the Loose; Lady-killer at Large; and Leo (McPherson) Rutherford Eludes Studio Search. More than one account mentioned casually that scenarist Lorry Erskine, close friend of the star, was alleged to be at her Brentwood home, but no one had been able to reach her to confirm it.

It was, therefore, quite a moment in the life of Miss Joella Edwards, check-room girl at the Ocean Grove Hotel in San Diego, when a gentleman with highly identifiable features cascaded out of the Ocean Grove bar with a small brunette lady on his arm.

"How are you doing, sonny?" the brunette lady asked as he ransomed his hat.

"She asks how I'm doing!" Leo informed Miss Edwards. "As well might she ask the strident tulip how seemeth the spring-scented April breeze upon its frescoed cheek! The sawdust in my veins has turned to fire; once more I stride forth across the earth and know myself a man."

"Oh, Mr. Rutherford!" cried Joella. "Please, can I have your autograph?"

"Reward such loveliness with a scrawl? Porssooth! 'Tis not thus Rutherford makes his mark!" And leaning across the counter, Leo tilted up her face and bestowed a liberal kiss.

"Come on, Beau Geste," said the brunette lady, and before they were out the door, Miss Edwards had sprung to the telephone. "Get me the M-K-G studio in Hollywood," she told the operator, "and reverse the charges, honey. I just know they'll pay."

"I told you she'd turn up," said Miss B. triumphantly as Lorry came in, "and here she is! ... Surprise, Mrs. Venner! Our sailor boy's back!"

"Take a powder, Miss B.," said Hal.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Miss B., scrambling for the door. "I'll be in the patio unless you will."

"Welcome home, husband," said Lorry. "Is the war over?"

"It's just about to begin," said Hal ominously.

Lorry yawned. "I'm dead," she observed. "Come on up and talk to me while I take a shower."

"I don't suppose you'd care to tell me where you've been?"

"La Quinta, mostly," said Lorry. She turned and started up the stairs. "Any calls for me? Or do you know?"

"I know plenty," said Hal, marching after her.

"Well, you're a smart boy," said Lorry. She tossed her hat and purse on the lounge. "You look tired, dear. Why don't you stretch out and have a snooze?"

"I've been asleep too long," said Hal. "But at least I know who was with Leo Rutherford in San Diego last night."

"Was he?" said Lorry, pulling off her dress.

She went into the bedroom and emerged with negligee and mules.

"The studio," said Hal, "checked a report that he was seen at the Ocean Grove. And he was."

"Poor Leo," said Lorry. "He gets no privacy."

"Do you dare to deny to me that you were with him?"

"Anybody who would take a dare would steal sheep," said Lorry, going into the bathroom.

"If," called Hal, "you had ever conducted yourself in such a way as to lead me to believe you were a fickle person, this would not have come as such a shock."

"What?" called Lorry, turning off the shower.

"Come out of there at once!" roared Hal.

"How would you like a divorce?" Hal went on with false calm as she emerged from the bathroom.

MEDIUM rare," said Lorry, adding hastily as his face became suffused. "Actually, I wouldn't have one as a gift."

"You'll have one whether you like it or not!" snarled Hal.

"There's never been a divorce in my family, and there's not going to be one now," said Lorry. "Hal Venner, are you accusing me of being indiscreet with Leo? Is your opinion of yourself so low that you think I could forget you the minute your back is turned?"

"My opinion of myself?" spluttered Hal. "Confound it, don't mix me up. I'm not naive. I've seen the papers."

"Not everything is in the papers," said Lorry. "This is wartime. Want to hear a story hot off the record?"

"You mean you weren't in San Diego with—"

"Certainly I was. I was there putting him in cold storage, so he'll keep until after the war. Then we'll write a play for him."

"Cold storage?"

"In the Navy," said Lorry. "Leo will lead a healthful and disciplined outdoor life."

"That may be," said Hal, "but he hasn't been in the Navy the last couple of weeks. I bet he hasn't been in cold storage either."

"When Leo agreed to enlist," said Lorry, "he wanted time to wind up his affairs. Don't ask me with whom. I've been in La Quinta."

"You weren't there last night, my girl!"

"No. He asked me down to help him say farewell to civilian life, and I couldn't very well refuse. We had a few hundred drinks together, and then I left him at a Turkish bath. I picked him up this morning and saw him to the recruiting station."

Hal thought a while. "I'd believe you," he said finally, "except for one thing. The Navy doesn't want forty-two-year-old gent's."

"After all the hams you've met," said Lorry, "you mean to tell me you don't know yet how an actor's mind functions? Naturally, he'd lie about his age. Okay now?"

"Wait," said Hal. "Seems to me you went to an awful lot of trouble to—"

"To get out of a commitment you and Nils very foolishly made for me. No Rutherford, no picture, no script. Catch on? Now I'm free to come to Washington and be a Navy wife."

With the dawn of comprehension, a complacent smile appeared on Hal's face.

"Why, baby," he said, "you must be nuts about me."

"You are not far wrong there," said Lorry. "Incidentally, what brings you West, Hal? You haven't deserted, I hope."

"No," said Hal. "They sent me out to write some shorts about the Service. It's all right with me. Washington's a madhouse."

"Yes? And how's the countess?"

"Don't talk about her," said Hal angrily. "She's been on my neck for days to help her whack up a scenario from that book of hers." He grimaced. "These writing females! They're all alike."

"Oh, yeah?" said Lorry, stepping back into the bathroom.

"Present company you know what," called Hal, with a happy laugh.

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**LACE JABOT:** To make it you need 2yds. 4in. wide lace edging, and a 6in. square of any material suitable for backing. Scoop one side of backing square to fit round neck and hem all round. Now cut 27in. from lace, gather and sew top to shaped neck edge of backing. Now cut a piece of lace 15in. long, gather and stitch to backing across centre under lower edge of top piece. Similarly cut strip 11in. long, gather, sew to lower edge of backing. Fold remaining lace in four to make neckband, and stitch centre of jabot to centre of band.



**ROUND COLLAR:** To make it you need 1yd. good ribbon 11in. wide, and 1yd. lace edging 1in. wide. Turn down each long edge of ribbon 1in. so that you have a slot along top and bottom, and thread it through with string. Try on collar and draw up string so that inner edge fits neck and outer edge lies flat on frock. Stitch string, turn in cut edges, sew hooks and eye fasteners on to ends at back. Trim outer edge with lace edging. This collar looks sweet and charming worn on a plain, round-necked frock. It is very easily made and costs little.



**LAWYER'S CRAVAT:** You need 1yd. 1in. ribbon to go round neck, and 14yds. 1in. ribbon to make cravat, and 3yds. narrow lace edging. Mark centre of neck on narrow ribbon. Then, beginning at one end of wide ribbon, fold a V 3in. deep. Pin ribbon as folded and continue making larger Vs round each other till jabot is 7in. deep. Stitch firmly along inner edge; whip lace to outer edges. Cover neck ribbon with flat lace, then attach jabot.

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## Death Came At Eleven

Continued from page 5

"Well, gentlemen? Any further developments?"

The thin detective nodded, and Manfred eyed him narrowly.

"Good," he said.

The detective sat down on Manfred's table and swung his leg. He was a melancholy looking man with eyes that gazed sadly into space, as if he were preoccupied with some haunting sorrow. He sighed.

"We were worried over the disappearance of the bullet," he said. "It passed through McDougal's head and disappeared without a trace. We searched the room from top to bottom." He paused, sighing.

"It may have gone through the window," Manfred said.

"It may have—but it didn't." The detective brooded over his notebook. "You said you were in McDougal's room at eleven o'clock," he went on presently.

Manfred's eyes were wary, but he answered easily enough.

"That's right. I went in a little before eleven and came out shortly after. I think Spragge's statement agrees with that."

"Yes. You asked him the time as you came out."

"Yes."

"And you mentioned that you heard the cuckoo strike eleven while you were in the room."

"Yes, I remember it distinctly."

"That's interesting, because McDougal was killed at exactly eleven o'clock."

Manfred gripped the edge of the table.

"That's ridiculous," he said. "Why, Mr. McDougal spoke to Miss Merryweather some time after eleven."

"That's what she thought. Maybe it was McDougal's ghost. I don't know. But what I do know is that he was killed at eleven o'clock precisely."

"Rather difficult to prove, I should think," Manfred said.

The detective considered him with melancholy eyes and shook his head.

"I have a witness. And the witness was hit by the same bullet that killed McDougal."

Manfred stared at him, white-faced.

"Where is this witness?" he said thickly.

"In the cuckoo clock. He popped out to cuckoo at the same moment that McDougal was shot, and the bullet passed through McDougal's head and got him, too. That was at eleven o'clock exactly. It couldn't have been before eleven, because we know that McDougal was alive when you went into the room; it couldn't have been after eleven, because the cuckoo comes out only every half hour, and we know that he was dead before eleven thirty."

"You're trying to frame me," Manfred's voice shook. "But you can't. That's no proof."

The detective went on imperturbably.

"That's why we couldn't find the bullet. It was embedded in the wall behind the cuckoo clock. And there is no mark on the face of

the clock, so the bullet must have passed through when the little door in front of the cuckoo opened—at eleven o'clock exactly. The clock is dead right, too. We've checked on that."

Manfred stood dazed. He was vaguely conscious that the detective was saying something. His voice seemed to be coming from a great distance. Someone gave him his hat. He took it mechanically and walked between the two detectives to the waiting car.

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## WEATHERFORD

awoke to find lunch ready for him and afterwards Mary said: "Would you mind coming into Richard's room for a moment?"

He followed her up the stairs. She said, "You can't imagine what it's meant to me being here just one night. We're married, but I don't know anything about Richard except that I love him. Tell me about these pictures."

Weatherford picked up a faded photograph of a tall and lanky youngster in cricket flannels. "This was taken at his school. He was in the second eleven then. He scored a century that term."

He put down the photograph and turned to a picture on one wall. "That was taken in his last year at school. He captained the first eleven in his final term."

"You know all about him, don't you?" Mary said softly. "He never thought you were really interested." Her eyes looked momentarily with his, then she smiled as though she knew some secret.

Weatherford returned to the living-room to read. Later he set up his chess-board and worked out a few problems.

He looked up suddenly and saw Boggs watching him. Boggs said, "Mrs. Richard went out. It is very quiet here, isn't it, without her?"

"I like it quiet," Weatherford said. "She darned some socks for you this morning," Boggs continued.

Boggs retired to the kitchen to prepare supper, and Mary came in, her cheeks rosy from the fresh air. She handed Weatherford an evening paper and began to set the dining-room table. Weatherford, pretending to read, heard her moving about, and an uncomfortable, uneasy feeling grew within him.

Boggs had outdone himself for the first evening meal with Mary. She said, "I can see I'll have to take lessons from you if Richard is used to this."

Boggs beamed and Weatherford said, "I have to be at the fire-guard headquarters in twenty minutes."

Weatherford walked to the parish house, where the lecture was to be given.

At nine o'clock they were released. Weatherford walked home carrying a typed copy of questions and answers for fire-guards. He went into the living-room and rang for Boggs. Handing him the sheet of paper, he said, "I want you to read out the questions and I will endeavor to give you the correct answers. Stop me if I go wrong."

"Yes, sir," said Boggs impassively. Mary came in and listened, smiling. "You've got it very quickly," she said.

"You think so?" he said, and for a moment forgot his tiredness. Then suddenly they heard the wail of the siren. Weatherford, contemplating bed, said, "This is Tuesday—I am on duty. Boggs, my coat."

Boggs brought it and the tin hat.

## Surprise Visit

Continued from page 7

He said, "Here's a torch. Do you want me to come with you?"

"No civilians should be unnecessarily in the streets," Weatherford said. "Mind you don't show any lights."

He went down the steps into the pitch blackness of the night. He stood uncertainly in the road, then glimpsed someone walking toward him. He recognised Mr. Hollowell, an air-raid warden from the other end of the street.

"I've only just joined the fire-party," Weatherford said. "I signed on earlier in the evening, but I'm ignorant of my duties."

Hollowell said, "Just go along to the parish hall where they had the lecture to-night. You report there, and they'll tell you what to do."

When Weatherford got to the parish hall he found half a dozen people already there. There had been no gunfire as yet, and they were told to stand by in the shelter of the doorway.

Weatherford recognised the man standing near him as Mr. Scott, who lived a few houses away from him.

"Hope it's a short one to-night," said Scott. "I'd like to turn in early."

Weatherford looked up at the sky and saw the intermittent lights of distant flak. He watched it, thinking of his son, and Scott said, "How's your boy?"

"Fine, last time I heard from him. His wife is staying with me."

"Is she? Makes it nice for you. Next best thing to having him at home."

Weatherford said nothing, and Scott went on: "Queer the way you and I and other people in this street have never really got to know each other. Some of us have become acquainted since they organised these fire-watching parties. We get together one night a week and play cards. Sort of fire-watchers' club. Like to have you join us."

A SLOW, dry chuckle came from Weatherford, and Scott stared at him.

"Haven't played anything but patience for thirty years," Weatherford said. "Lost five pounds one night in a game of bridge two weeks after I was married. My wife made me promise not to play again." He looked reflectively at the sky. "I don't think she'd mind now."

"We usually play solo or rummy and we don't go in for high stakes," Scott said. "You can play all night and only lose a few shillings. The next meeting's at my house next Friday. I'll expect you. We take turns being host."

The all-clear sounded and they were told they could go home, but would of course report again if there should be another alert that night. Scott said, "That was considerate of Jerry. He must know I'm tired. Good night." Weatherford went back to his house.

Mary rose from a chair in the living-room.

"Mr. Weatherford, I want you to know I've loved staying here. You see, I'm leaving in the morning. I've found a room."

Weatherford said, "Where is it?" She named the street and address and Weatherford remembered it as the one he had visited that morning. He said, "I saw that room. It's a dungeon."

"I can brighten it up," Mary said. "Even a vase of flowers can work miracles."

The telephone rang suddenly. Weatherford picked up the receiver and listened for a moment. His cheeks grew pink. He said, "Don't be ridiculous. Don't talk like an utter fool. I may be elderly, but I beg to inform you that I am not yet senile. I am perfectly capable of carrying out my duties as a fire-watcher."

The receiver crashed down upon the hook. Weatherford rose to his

full height and said, "Some busybody wishes to inform me that it won't be necessary for me to be a fire-guard. I'm too old. Preposterous. I don't understand—"

He swung suddenly upon Boggs beating a retreat toward the kitchen. "Boggs! Is this your work?" Boggs said pleadingly. "Mr. Weatherford, sir, you told me yourself you didn't want to be a fire-watcher."

"After this," Weatherford said jolly, "you will kindly not interfere with my war work. And another thing, Boggs. The next time you are out shopping will you get me half a dozen packs of playing-cards?"

Boggs said incredulously, "But, Mr. Weatherford, six packs of cards?"

Weatherford snapped, "I belong to a club and I shall be entertaining the other members here for cards some evening in the near future. That is all, Boggs."

He turned to face Mary. "I am sorry that you find my son's room unsuitable."

Mary said, "But it's a lovely room, I cried myself to sleep last night I was so happy in it."

"Then if you don't stay here," Weatherford said, "I can only assume that you object to being my guest."

"But I don't object," she protested.

"Then," Weatherford went on, "You will at once give up the absurd idea of moving to a rooming-house, and consider this your permanent home until my son provides you with one of your own."

He felt her arms about his neck and then she was gone. He stood there, the tired feeling overcoming him again, soaking into his bones, but he thought suddenly that he had not yet answered his son's last letter.

He sat down at the desk, drew a piece of paper from the drawer, and wrote across it in a fine, old-fashioned script, "Dear Richard."

He studied it a moment, then frowned and pushed the page aside. Taking another sheet, he paused a moment, then wrote: "Dear Slats—"

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